

Daughter's Letters

Continued from page 23.

22 DOT The thing we hear constantly (you will both enjoy this) is that they're trying to teach us things in six weeks that our parents couldn't teach us in 18 years. Ha! I always get a kick out of that! . . . I can't wait to sit down and talk to you . . . once I'm out I should be able to laugh at a lot of things . . . Got my first Discrepancy Report (341) pulled today. My goal was to get none. A TI came in at 0400 and pulled about 15 of us. No more . . . it really upset me!

Can't wait to see you,
Love, Sharon

16 DOT Sharon fractured a bone in her foot during PC.

The day I hurt my foot, we were on the third lap, almost finished. I fell out. Two girls came back and literally carried me so I would make the time limit. My friends, Cindy and Julie, went in the ambulance with me. They waited until the doctors were finished. They helped me walk on my crutches and carried my tray at the Chow Hall. To get up the three flights of stairs in the dorm, one girl stayed in back of me, and the other walked in front of me. Had I fallen, they would have caught me. They helped me to the latrine. They helped me get undressed and get into bed. They sat with me until I fell asleep. Those two I'll never forget. They were so wonderful when I needed someone.

The next Monday Sharon had to leave her flight. She moved into a Casual Dormitory. While on Medical Hold she worked in the pharmacy in the Modular Clinic on Lackland. Her job was to check DEERS Eligibility. Going into Casual meant changes in plans and an adjustment in attitude. Sharon decided to do it in good spirits. Our big plans for Thanksgiving were not to be.

OCT 30 Happy Halloween! . . . For the last couple of days the Chow Hall has been decorated . . . balloons and candies hanging from the ceiling . . . all personnel dressed up . . . really neat. Helps us get into the spirit . . . four hours of base liberty and I'm in no shape to go anywhere . . . pits!
Love, Sharon

NOV 4 My job keeps me off the ankle which is almost back to normal. I still can't really walk on it or flex it without pain. Well, however long it takes, I can handle it. I feel busy, but everything is just a little slower with crutches.

Oops, gotta go.
Love, Sharon

NOV 16 Gosh, I've been in Casual two and a half weeks. I just need to get back into BMTS and get out of here. It seems like I'm losing my determination . . . Saw the doctor yesterday . . . will be here until Friday, Nov. 19, for sure. The foot hurts when I run on it . . . walking is okay. I suppose I'll

atti O'Donoghue lives in Goldsboro, N.C. Her daughter, Lt. Sharon Cooper-Nurse, lives in Agana, Guam, with her husband, Ric. Lt. Cooper-Nurse is stationed at Andersen AFB.

have to ask for a waiver for running . . . The folks here are really friendly and keep me "up." I'll call tonight.

Love, love,
Sharon

NOV 18 Do you know what day this is? Let me enlighten you. Nov. 18 is the day my flight graduates from BMTS. They made Honor Flight! This morning they marched past me and saluted. I said my good-byes last night. We spent the evening at the Rec. Center. They are proud of themselves, as you can imagine. I wish them luck. They're leaving tomorrow . . . I'd better get going. Tonight we have a GI Party. Yukko!!

Love. Think of you often,
Sharon

Sharon's foot didn't heal. The doctor gave her a choice; three more weeks in Casual or she could go home on Convalescent Leave. That evening Sharon was home with us. She looked great in her Air Force blues. When she got off the airplane, I didn't cry . . . much.

We felt terrific! Sharon was spending Thanksgiving with us after all. We slid easily into hours of talking, shopping and fast food lunches. Sharon and I had our picture taken on Santa's lap. What fun! The time literally flew. It was Dec. 9 before we knew it. Sharon returned to Lackland AFB.

DEC 10 I'm back in another flight, six weeks and three days later. I carried my suitcase up to my new dorm . . . went downstairs to meet my new flight. The TI introduced me as Airman Cooper-Nurse who was out of basic for awhile. He asked everyone to make me feel welcome. I was scared and anxious about joining another flight. It was nice to have a TI treat me like that . . . My foot is okay. I know I'm finally going to make it.

God bless you. Love,
Sharon

DEC 12 Hi, there, family! All is fine here
17 DOT . . . the new flight is super friendly . . . I've been put on a walking program for PC . . . it's harder than I thought . . . Yesterday I had KP . . . 0430 to 1930hrs. Quite a day . . . after every meal cleaned out inner parts of dishwasher, swept and mopped floors and on and on . . . by the end of the day I thought I was going to drop dead . . . but as you can read, I didn't. I will not be writing as much as I need my time to catch up with studying.

I love you lots,
Sharon

DEC 17 I will be leaving here on Jan. 3.
22 DOT My TI says my job and Tech School have all been decided. I won't know until 28 DOT, which is Dec. 28 . . . can't wait! I'm really doing good on the studying and beginning to feel good about the test on Thursday morning . . . I will be thinking about you during the holidays.

God bless . . . Love,
Sharon

DEC 20 The flight wrote this Christmas
23 DOT song. It goes to the tune of "The Twelve Days of Christmas."
On the first day of Basic
my TI gave to me;
1 set of green fatigues

- 2 glasses of water
- 3 41's
- 4 hospital corners
- 5 name tags
- 6 inch t-shirts
- 7 drill movements
- 8 minute showers
- 9 hour briefings
- 10 airmen rushing
- 11 miles of marching
- 12 duty hours

Well, what do you think? I think it's great! We're hanging cards in the Dayroom . . . have a baby Christmas tree. We'll have liberty 0900 to 2130hrs on the holidays . . . Wednesday, 25 DOT, we put on our blues . . . have open ranks and parade. Thursday we take the test. I feel confident . . . Close your eyes and think of the big hug I'm sending you . . . Joyous Christmas.

Love you all,
Sharon

DEC 25 I've been trying to call you all day
26 DOT . . . all the circuits are busy . . . you know what it's like during the holidays. Oh, well, Merry, Merry Christmas! . . . We took the BMTS test on Thursday. I could only miss seven to get Honor Grad. I missed eight! I figured it out, I did my best and that's all I can do . . . am still disappointed . . . Only four more training days! . . . The walking program has gotten better for me. I made the time with three minutes to spare and felt great! I'm going to start jogging in Tech School . . . Midnight Mass was great. So much effort was put into it to make it nice . . . Life is not all bad . . . On Christmas Eve, someone put baby flowers in everyone's jacket pockets. It gave us all a good feeling. By mutual vote we have decided that Santa did remember all of us in Basic. Please keep me in your prayers . . . you are always in mine . . . God bless.

Your eldest daughter and
only AB relative,
Sharon

DEC 28 I'm a 732 Personnel Specialist.
28 DOT Tech School is at Keesler AFB, Mississippi . . . eight weeks long. I'll be assigned to Andersen AFB, Guam . . . should be there in March . . . exactly what I wanted! . . . Two training days left!! Felt good about PC . . . hope the next two days are the same . . . I'm gonna hit the dusting and loosely lacing shoes and other such goodies. Take care.

Love you all, mucho,
Sharon

JAN 2 I leave here tomorrow! Man, oh man, I can't believe it!! . . . Spent New Years Eve at the Rec. Center. There was a graduation party for us . . . danced and talked a lot . . . had a good time . . . I won't get a new address for a few days . . . will send it pronto when I do. I'm looking forward to hitting the books and whatever in Tech School . . . and making high scores.

Love you guys much,
Sharon

Sharon sent us an attractive plaque from Tech School. It is inscribed:
To Mom and Dad
from
your Daughter
Serving Proudly
United States Air Force □

4C

99th BOMB GP. HISTORICAL SOCIETY

2908 Aliso Drive., N.E.

Albuquerque, N. Mex. 87110

Albuquerque NM 87110

29 Feb. 84

Dear Bill;

Re #(14), page T-7, the true, the blushful Hippocrene is:

It may be so, but I don't know,
It sounds so mighty queer,
So tell your jokes to other folks
Cause your bull-shit don't go here

As I remember, the punctuation is mostly beer bottles in parabolic trajectories.

George (El Borracho) Coen aka Trigger.

Salud y penetas

GEORGE F. COEN, P. E.

2908 Aliso Dr., N.E.

Albuquerque, N. Mex. 87110

RECEIVED APR 0 4 1984

ANSWERED APR 0 6 1984

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SHIPPED AUG 1 2 1983

 X YES, you should publish Volume II - Stag Bar Edition of **THE WILD BLUE YONDER: Songs of the Air Force**. Let me know if you decide to publish Volume II.

 NO, I don't believe it is a good idea to publish Volume II.

COMMENTS ABOUT VOLUMES I OR II:

Enjoyed the collection in Vol 1.

Believe that (29) F - 16 The Four Bastards, was originally titled "Three Prominent Bastards" or in the more restrictive language of the 1930's: "Three Prominent So-and-So's" It was written by Ogden Nash, and may have been published in the New Yorker Magazine. The first character was Charles E. Mitchell, Chairman of the Board of the (then) National City Bank of New York; the second, I think, was Charles Van Sweringen, of Cleveland RR fame; and the third was Senator Huey P. Long of Louisiana.

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14 Aug 83

4E

RECEIVED AUG 19 1983

Dr. C. W. Getz
P. O. Box 3323
San Mateo, CA
94403

Last week I got my copy of your book, "The Wild Blue Yonder: Songs of the Air Force." I haven't read every page yet but I did go through the table of contents. (Checklist.) I failed to find the song that a small group of people sang in WWII. These people were weather personnel and, naturally, the song was about them. I don't even remember all the words anymore or whether there was more than one verse but it was one of the songs we sang marching to class in weather school. It was sung to the tune of McNamara's band and went something like the following:

I'll never forget the weather was wet
The general wanted to fly.
He said, "My boy is it OK for me to go on high?"
When I said "No, its going to snow"
You should have seen him frown
Say I'm the only guy whose ever
Kept the general down.

We are the men
The weather men
We may be wrong
Oh now and then
But when you see
The planes on high
Just remember we're the ones
Who let them fly.

We also used to sing a song called "Pull Your Shades Down Mary Ann". We sang it at Amherst College, MA and then brought the song to Greensboro, NC and I don't think it was AAF-wide but we did spread it around a bit. It was a very simple little song:

Pull your shades down Mary Ann
Pull your shades down Mary Ann
Late last night by the pale moonlight
I saw you
I saw you.
You were combing your golden hair
You were changing your underwear
If you want to keep your secrets
From your future man
Pull your shades down Mary Ann.

Don't know the name of the tune.

Now that I have thought about it a bit, I have the feeling that the tune was that of an English Music Hall song. On checking a record I have of piano music by Charlie Kunz I find the song was "Hold Your Hand Out, Naughty Boy." (As sung by Miss Florrie Forde).

We also used to sing "Little Orphan Annie" in falsetto.

It is funny but as I have been typing this something else came back to me. (Slightly). While at Greensboro (BTC No 10) we were exposed to a song which I remember almost nothing about except that a line sounded like (my spelling) "Skinamarinkadinkado I love you". I don't ever remember hearing it any other place but they seemed to set great store by it down there.

We also used to sing a version of Into The Air Army Air Corps called Into The Air Junior Birdmen and I don't remember any of the words of that.

I'm really enjoying your book.

Donald B. Hyde

ANSWERED NOV 6 1984

27 OCTOBER 1984

4F

Dear Bill:

With regards to your letter of 15 Oct and Milt Sipple's reference - Yes, I am a musician and frequently perform songs about the Army, Air Corps and Air Force when some of my cronies congregate.

I spent most of my life in meteorology so at one of our retired get togethers I did this ditty called "Ode to the Retired Weatherman." The melody is from the Whiffenpoof Song.

ODE TO THE RETIRED WEATHERMAN

WE'RE RETIRED WEATHERMAN, TURNED IN OUR CRYSTAL BALLS
MILLIBAR, DEW POINT AND SMOG
WENT TO SCHOOL IN CHANUTE, TEXAS AND NYU, CHICAGO & CAL TECH TOO
INSTRUCTORS WE'VE HAD ARE WORLD REKNOWN
BJERKNES AND BYERS NAMIAS, JEROME
TAUGHT US VORTICITY, RADAR, CYCLONE, MILLIBAR, DEW POINT & SMOG

WE'VE SERVED IN HYWCOMBE, FUCHU RHEIN MAIN, OFFUTT, THULE & MARCH
WE'VE BRIEFED TOOEY SPAATZ, HAP ARNOLD, LEMAY, DOOLITTLE & HOYT VANDENBURG
PLOTTED OUR OWN MAPS DID THEM ALL ON ACETATES
NO HELP FROM SATELLITES, COMPUTERS OR TAPES
TRIED CALLING CENTRAL BUT THE LINES WERE ALL CLOGGED
MILLIBAR, DEW POINT & SMOG

OH MY WE WERE GOOD, THATS HOW WE WON THE WAR, OPERATIONS, PLANS & IG
NICKNAMES HAVE BEEN TAGGED US, EMBEDDED AND PLASTERED
FOGGY, STORMY AND YOU (blip blip)
SHIFT WORK ON HOLIDAYS, SERVICE WITH A SMILE
GREASE PENCIL OVERLAYS, PROG CHARTS IN A WHILE
FORECAST CALLS FOR CLEAR BUT YE GADS ITS SNOWING, MILLIBAR, DEW POINT & SMOG

FROM PROGNOSTICATING WE HAVE GRADUATED, OPERATIONS, PLANS AND IG
NOW WE'RE TEACHING OR SELLING OR IN REAL ESTATE
BUT OUR TRUE LOVE FOR WEATHER WILL NOT FADE
HERE AMONG THE DYING EMBERS, THESE IN THE MAIN ARE MY REGRETS
WHEN I AM RIGHT NO ONE SEEMS TO REMEMBER
WHEN I'M WRONG NO ONE FORGETS

Most of my other material came from Bob Stevens "There I Was"
or old military song books with a few modifications.

My typing is atrocious but my writing is worse. Please excuse

Best Regards,



Milt Rasmussen
12655 15th St.,
Yucaipa Ca. 92399

E. W. Spiller
May USAF (Ret)
(Write note)

4H

A song, not of our Air Force I guess but from our Australian brothers.

A brief historical look at the time, place and the song----

Okinawa 1949. I was assigned as a GCI Controller sometimes working a night shift. Over flights from Taiwan to Tokyo by Aussie manned Lancasters. Voices in the night with that accent-call sign either VHEAU (victor how easy able uncle) or VHEAR over Okie once or twice a week.

Scene changes to Tokyo. I am firmly entrenched in the Tokyo Denke (Electric) building for an R & R. While sitting in the bar of the cross roads of the Far East I heard a conversation being carried on in Aussie. Introduced myself and found that each owned one of the call signs. The ensuing party turned to drink, lies and song. Thus the following Old English Madrigal, or whatever, now and here marked for posterity or the trash heap. I have no knowledge of the author but I can still sing it, complete with the accent.....

Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee.
Wednesday, with success, I lifted up her dress,
Thursday her showed me, by goree(?).
Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday night she gave me balls a tweak.
It was Sunday after supper I rammed the whole thing
up her,
And now I'm paying seven-six a week, gorbimey.

I don't want to be a soldier,
I don't want to go to war,
I just want to hang around Picadilly Underground
Living off the earnings of a high born lady.
Don't want a bullet up me ass-hole
Don't want me buttocks shot away
I just want to live in England, jolly, jolly England,
And fornicate me fucking life away!

The Aussie accent is a must or much of the flavor is lost.

FIGHTER PHOTO'S LAMENT
 DON'T GIVE ME A P-38
 THE PROPS THEY COUNTER-ROTATE -
 THEY'RE SCATTERED & SMITTEN
 FROM BURMA TO BRITAIN
 DON'T GIVE ME A P-38
 NO -

CH. GIVE ME OPERATIONS
 WAY OUT ON SOME LONELY ATOLL
 FOR I, AM TOO YOUNG TO DIE
 I JUST WANT TO GROW OLD

AND DON'T GIVE ME A P-39
 THE ENGINE IS MOUNTED BEHIND
 SHE'LL TUMBLE & SPIN
 & SHE'LL AUGRE YOU IN
 DON'T GIVE ME A P-39
 NO

CH

AND DON'T GIVE ME A PETER 4-OH
 IT'S A HELLUA AIRPLANE I KNOW
 SHE'S A GROUND-LOOPIN BASTARD
 YOU'RE SURE TO GET PLASTERED
 DON'T GIVE ME A PETER-4-OH.
 NO

CH

AND DON'T GIVE ME AN AD-6D
 WITH ROCKETS, RADAR & A-V
 SHE'S FAST - I DON'T CARE
 SHE, BLOWS UP IN MID-AIR
 DON'T GIVE ME AN AD-6D
 NO!

CH

AND DON'T GIVE ME AN F-84
 SHE'S JUST A GROUND-MOVING WHORE
 SHE'LL WHINE & SHE'LL WOINEE
 & MAKE STRAIGHT FOR THE TREES
 DON'T GIVE ME AN F-84!

Up in the air, junior birdman

Handwritten musical score for the song "Up in the air, junior birdman". The score is written on five staves in treble clef, with a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The music includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings such as *fp* (fortissimo piano). There are also performance instructions in brackets at the end of the piece.

Up in the air, ju-nior bird-man. Up in the air, up-side down. Up in the
 air, ju-nior bird-man, with your no-ses to the ground. And when you hear the grand a-
 nounce-ment that your wings are made of tin, then you know the ju-nior bird-man has
 sent his box-tops in. Well it takes FIVE box-tops FOUR bot-tle bot-toms THREE wrap-pers
TWO cou-pons < and one thin dime > - Make the sound of a plane diving, -
 - followed by a machine gun firing -

The Marauder Song

5

4K

By Lts. BAUGH and FLANAGAN
432nd Bomb Sq.

When learning to fly a **Marauder**
He heard many wonderful things,
But all he could see was the engines
Oh, where in the hell are the wings!

Oh, roaring off down the runway,
In his mind was a horrible doubt,
As the co-pilot jerked all the wheels up,
Both lousy engines cut out!

While looking down on a roof top,
A pretty young chick he did see,
He dived down to look at her closer,
And clipped off the top of a tree!

Now buzzing he did for a pastime,
He roared through the farmer's front yard,
He waved at the girl on the doorstep,
And wound up in the silo but hard!

The **Marauder's** a very good airplane,
Constructed of rivets and tin,
A very good airplane to look at,
But in flak, it's hell to be in!

Now if you fly a pea-shooter,
Or plane of similar ilk,
And if you get into trouble,
Why hell there's no crew, hit the silk!

When we go out on a mission,
And a 109 makes a pass,
Roll back your seat and start jumping,
To hell with the crew, save your (censored).



Now the pilot of a **Marauder**,
Is a man with plenty of guts,
But after he flies a few missions,
He's either shot down or he's NUTS!

Though the heavies are very big boxcars,
Compared to **Marauders**, they're toys,
The B-26 is the airplane
That separates the men from the boys!

Once I went on a milk-run,
But when I got back to the base,
The wheels folded up on the runway,
MARAUDER ALL OVER THE PLACE!!!!

We always knew very early,
Before the briefing begun,
With the rank and "gears" on the schedule
The mission's a milky milk-run.

When the Mitchells go in on a target,
They bomb to the Hiene's delight,
But after they miss their objective,
The **Marauders** will do the job right!

They tell of an eager tail gunner,
With hopes of a Jerry or two,
But after one pass by a jet-job,
That eager tail gunner was through!

If you've gotten sixty-one missions,
And they haven't sent you on home,
Best you see Doc about rest camp,
Or they'll send you back over Rome!

Take the cylinders out of my back-bone,
Connecting rods out of my brain,
From my heart and my lungs take
the crankshaft,
AND ASSEMBLE THE ENGINE AGAIN!

A **Marauder** is just like a woman,
She'll trick you and keep you in doubt,
You can't go on living forever,
I'd rather die in one than out!

A Lib is an overgrown junk pile,
Known to the worst of them all,
They scatter their bombs, with abandon,
And don't give a damn where they fall!

Now Curtiss causes our troubles,
That prop is a murder machine,
When they both run away on take-off,
Nothing is left to be seen!

The 17th is a hot outfit,
Really the best that there is,
So here's to the pilot that runs it,
On restrictions he's really a whiz!

In **Marauders** we get few promotions,
Tho' some men will get to the top,
It's easy to see how they get there,
Oh, when will this brown-nosing stop?

CHORUS:

O - O - Oh, why did I join the Air Corps
For Mother, dear Mother knew best,
Here I lie 'neath the wreckage,
Marauder all over my chest!



Junior Birdman sign



Up in the air, jr. birdman, up in the air, upside down,



<birdman sign>



(dire hand on "down")



up in the air, jr. birdman, with your noses, to the ground,



<birdman sign>



(point to nose)

(dire hand towards ground)



And when you hear, the grand announcement, that your wings are made of tin,



(flap arms)



Then you know, the jr. birdman, has sent his boxtops in.



<birdman sign>

(The rest of the songs signs are self-explanatory)

Aug 10, 1980

Dear Sir:

Received my copy of the 17th Ege.
Newsletter last week. Harry Jones'
article was the most interesting
thing I have read in a long time!

Part II of History & Heraldry
was most interesting since I
was was a member of the
432nd.

"Magnus's Misadventure" really
topped this issue off as the best
ever published!

Would like to have extra
copies of this issue if possible.
I am the Baugh in the
Baugh & Flanagan who wrote
the marriage song.

Does anyone have an address
for Flanagan? Hope he's not
still restricted to the base at
Dijon - we both were at the
time the song was composed.
Note the hint to last verse - - -
Verses three & four may help
explain the restrictions.

Am now retired from a
career as elementary school
principal and look forward
to being able to attend the
reunions!

Yours Truly,
Jim W. Baugh

Dear Bill Getz,

Thank you for your response to my request for the words to "The Man Behind the Armor-plated Desk", and please forgive the belated reply. As it has turned out the situation is more complicated than I thought it would be and there are still a number of leads to follow on its origins.

Much is documented in "The Thousand Mile War" by Brian Garfield. As the author relates, and as those of us who served in the 11th Army Air Force in 1943 know, "the man" was Col. Earl H. De Ford, 11th Bomber Command C.O. who had a reputation among us bomber crews for being very conservative in combat. The first time I heard the song was by some of the B-25 pilots and I understand that it was one of their number, "Red Dog" Redmond, who is the author of the original version. This is the way I learned it:

Early in the morning when the engines start to roar,
You can see the old goat standing in his double Janesway¹ door;
He is sweating out the takeoffs as he's always done before,
The man behind the armor-plated desk.

When the phantom fleet²'s reported, who inspires our attack?
Who sends deck level battle wagons³ from his armor-plated sack?
Who says "Hundreds may not sink them, boys, and some may not come back"
The man behind the armor-plated desk.

When the lead ship starts to shudder and the end seems near at hand,
Who is flying on the sofa with his headset on "command"?
Who says, "Climb up on top, boys!" with a mixed drink in his hand?
The man behind the armor-plated desk.

Four times he's led us out there and four times he's led us back,
But he circles o'er Rat Island⁴ while we go in to attack,
Who says "I'm hard but fair, boys, and allergic to ack-ack"?
The man behind the armor-plated desk.

1. A prefab used for flight crew quarters on Adak, double doors for "brass"
2. Japanese fleet targets were elusive and often fictitious.
3. B-25 and B-26 medium bombers which were normally flown at low level
4. The I.P. for missions to Kiska.

I am still trying to locate "Red Dog" Redmond to see what he knows. However, I'm pretty sure the above version is the original. It certainly pins the origins of the song to the Aleutian campaign which is as it should be. In the meantime I have heard from Richard J. Korpanty who flew B-24's from Shemya in 1945. He sent a version very close to mine but has two more verses and a chorus which all pertain to the

Aleutians and therefore seem to be authentic additions:

When the battle is over and the boys come up the chain,⁵
You can look out at the airfield but your search will be in vain.
For they'll all be at the Lido⁶ drinking rum and raising Cain,
Singing "The Man Behind the Armor-Plated Desk".

Now the Aleutian war is over and the calm is o'er the sea,
There's the "Old Man" proud and happy with his brand new D.F.C.

Although we may not show it, we're as proud of it as he,⁷
The man behind the armor-plated desk.

Chorus

"Take 'em off, take 'em off", cried the man from the rear,
"So the runway's socked in solid, still the target may be clear."⁸
You've been here twenty months, boys, and you've got another year",⁹
Cried the man behind the armor-plated desk.

5. The Aleutians form an island chain from the Alaskan Peninsula to Attu; going west is "down the chain" and east is "up the chain".
6. The Lido Gardens was one of the most-frequented bars in Anchorage. It was destroyed in the 1964 earthquake and never rebuilt.
7. The 11th AAF was not noted for being generous in making awards.
8. Aleutian weather was not only unpredicted but also unpredictable.
9. In the early years of the war, at least, there was no set tour of duty.

Some twenty of us vets of the 11th AAF gathered at Elmendorf AFB last August for a second reunion and toured the old bases at Cold Bay, Adak, and Shemya. If anyone has a hot idea for another one in the next year or two, let me hear about it.

Aloha,

Red Miller

Allen T. Miller

P.S. Thanx very much for the words to yet another adaptation of that great Aleutian song. I have found that many outfits modified the words to fit their own situation. Please call me the next time you get over to the Islands- were in the Honolulu phone book at 261-9143.

R.

The Redwood Press
P.O.Box 3323
San Mateo, CA 94403

*Thank you note
answered 7/9/82*

414

28 June 1982

Mr. C. W. Getz, Publisher

Dear Bill:

Thanks for your letter of 23 June 1982.

I'm afraid my contribution to your collection of AF bawdy songs may be somewhat sketchy as I didn't have presence of mind enough to copy down the verses at the time. Consequently, all I can give you are some disconnected lines of a few and some background which may help you ferret out more.

What I do remember stretches from the bawdy to downright filthy so I hope you don't have a female steno handling your mail. Maybe a "Personal" on the envelope will preclude a flushed countenance on some sweet, unsuspecting gal.

Here goes:

This first one is a parody to "My Grandfather's Clock" that I learned from a fighter pilot aboard a troop transport on the way home from the ETO in March 1945:

My Grandfather's Cock

My grandfather's cock,
Was too long for his slacks,
So it hung ninety years on the floor.

It was longer by half,
Than the old man himself,
Tho it weighed not a pennyweight more.

It was hard as a rock,
So he covered it with a sock,
And it was always his pleasure and pride.

But it withered - drooped,
Never to rise again,
When the old man died.

This same pilot had another clever one that I can sing (off-key) but can't remember the melody:

Fleeting Glances

I saw her ass,
She stood upon the platform;
I saw her butt,
A moment in the rain.

I saw her snatch,
A parcel from the window;
As she came to see her brother,
Jack off on the train.

He also had a parody to "Tangerine" but only the first few lines remain with me:

Tangerine, she's my sex machine,
Laid in every bar,
Across the Argentine.

One of my bomber pilot buddies loved to sing this one but I can only remember the first two verses. There are more which go on to tell of the eventual confrontation between O'Riley and the molester of his daughter which involves a shoot-out that left Riley with only one ball.

O'Riley's Daughter

Sittin' in O'Riley's bar,
Listenin' to the tales of blood and slaughter;
When the thought came to my mind,
Why not shag O'Riley's daughter?

Fiddleeiee, Fiddleeio, Fiddleeiee,
For the one ball Riley,
Fiddleeio shag on.

I grabbed that she-bitch by the ass,
Then I threw one leg over;
I shagged and shagged some more,
I shagged until the fun was over.

Chorus

This is a parody on the famous poem that I heard a navigator recite flawlessly:

The Grooving of Dan McGrew

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up,
In one of those Yukon halls;
The kid that handles the music box,
Was calmly scratching his balls.

The Faro Kid had his hand on the box,
Of the lady known as Lou;
While down on the floor with a dirty old whore,
Lay Dangerous Dan McGrew.

When out of the night that was dark as a bitch,
And into the din of the hole;
Slipped a shady old prick just in from the crick,
With a rusty old load in his pole.

His trousers were split and covered with shit,
And he squatted down on a keg;
His balls hung low and swung to and fro,
Whenever he moved his leg.

In his ragged clothes he stood ready to hose,
As the passion within him burned;
Then he pulled out his cock to display to the flock,
And every asshole squirmed.

Then the lights went out and he dashed to the floor,
His cries were heard in the dark;
His aim was true and how the shit flew,
When his joy stick found the mark.

With might and main and screams of pain,
A man's voice filled the room;
Amid sighs and moans and farts and groans,
Came at last a very loud "boom!"

The lights came on and the stranger rose,
With a satisfied look - he was through;
And there on the floor, with his asshole tore,
Lay Dangerous Dan McGrew.

A crew chief in our outfit used to sing this parody to "I'll See You in my Dreams:"

I'll see you in my dreams,
Hold you in my arms;
There you lay upon the white bed,
Naked from your toes to your head.

Lips that once were mine,
In rhapsody divine;
When I awoke,
The bed was soaked.

I'll see you in my dreams.

One of our gunners was a college grad and he used to sing this parody to "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi:"

I want to be wed,
And carried to bed,
In the arms of the man I love.

I want the door to be locked,
And the key to be lost,
And the nite to be seven years long.

I want the lights to be dim,
And the clothes to be thin,
If there are any clothes at all.

I want to place in his hands,
All that true love demands,
Oh my God! How I love my man!

Lastly, while I was on a flak leave in Scotland in 1944, the proprietor of the Colloquoun Arms Inn at Luss on Loch Lomond sang a filthy ballad about a medieval queen who invited all the neighboring royalty to a music festival at her country estate. It all started off well but ended up in an orgy. Here's all that I can remember of it:

The king was in his counting house,
Way up at the front;
The queen was in her bedroom,
With a carrot up her cunt.

There was fucking in the rushes,
There was fucking in the ricks;
You couldn't hear the music,
For the sloshing of the pricks.

That brings another to mind that I heard sung often by the RAF boys but can't remember any of the words. It was called "The Bloody Great Wheel," but you no doubt have it as it was quite popular with them.

I have a carbon of this so don't bother to reproduce it but thanks anyway. The fewer trips this kind of stuff makes through the mails, the better!

Hope these will add to your 162 and I'm anxious to see the book in print. Will it be mailed in an asbestos wrapper?

By way of closing, I should mention that I had submitted a short collection of WWII Army Air Force songs of the ETO to the Air Force Historical Foundation for possible publication earlier this year. Editor Robin Higham returned it to me, telling me I'd better review your just published book first for possible duplication.

I promptly sent for a copy and found that there were a few duplicates, as well as some with different lyrical versions. I eliminated those which were identical and am now in the process of revising it and intend to submit it to Aero Publishers in the hopes of them making it into a paper-back booklet with cartoon illustrations by Bob Stevens. It contains quite a number of parodies that I dreamed up during my days of service.

If they pink-slip me, would you possibly like to have a look at it for publication as a booklet? Or, if you'd like first crack at it I can hold off sending it to Aero until I've heard from you.

Of the 55 selections in the manuscript, which I have supplemented with background narrative, there are 16 original poems, 8 original parodies, 13 of my own parodies, 6 original songs and 12 songs with lyrics similar to those in your book, which I have so noted in my acknowledgements. As it looks now, it will go about 90 double-spaced pages of typewriter paper.

Sincerely,

Jack

J. K. Havener
9414 Barley Mills Road
Memphis, TN 38134

P.S. I was certainly intrigued with your microcomputer printing process! It certainly produces a neat and legible copy.

officers and twenty enlisted men elected to remain in Para-
of the 11th wrote millions of words in letters dispatched
the Solomons. They might all be summed up in a verse written
with bard whose name has been lost in the whirlpool of time.
recited in a thousand tents and sung, to the tune of "Casey"
in a thousand war weary B-17's by men on endless missions.

TALKING BLUES

Back in Oahu in '42
Eager beavers, me and you.
Guadalcanal-'43
Reluctant dragons, you and me.

Espiritu Santo, Fiji and all.
We're behind it—the big 8-ball.
Lizards, flies, mosquitoes, too,
Corned beef hash and G.I. stew.

Eight hundred miles out to sea,
Started to sweat that No. 3;
That goes out, we come down,
Nothing but ocean all around.

Here I sit, tear in my eye,
Tired of living, too young to die,
Going to Auckland pretty soon,
Get me a woman—howl at the moon.

Striking force out to sea,
Sighted transport—him or me?
We made our run, AA got rough,
On the way home, Zeroes got tough.

Pilots can fly, gunners can gun,
Bombardiers busy during the run.
Navigator's got a gun—he shoots too.
Damn co-pilot's got nothing to do.

Blues in a Fight

(Blues w the Night)

From Bremen to Munster,
from Munster to Berlin,
where ever the heavies go.
I've been in some big fights,
I've seen me some big flak,
and there is one thing I know.

A Ju's a two place,
A worriesome thing,
that will leave you to sing,
the blues in a fight.

See the flak a blowing,
watch the Forts a going-blooeey.

Hear that lonesome gunner,
riding by the rudder-whooeey.

To whooeey, to whooeey,
oh flickety flak, comes
echoing back,
the blues in a fight.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

Bomber Pilot's Lament (When you were a tulip)

When I flew a bomber, a big heavy
bomber,

and you flew a thirty-nine.

While you were playing, I would be
praying,

you were always out of line.

There was a snafu, you missed a
rendevous,

up where the M. E.'s whine.

You shot my navigator, in my old
Librrator,

when you flew a thirty-nine.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

7
I Want a Spad (I want a girl)

I want a Spad, just like the Spad,
that buried dear old Dad.

It was a Spad and the only Spad,
that Daddy ever had.

A good old fashioned plane with
lots of wing, it took six guys
to crank the damn machine.

I want a Spad, just like the Spad,
that buried dear old Dad.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

3
The P-39 Tale

(My darling Bernette)

[REDACTED]
Oh, my darling, oh, my darling, oh, my
darling thirty-nine.

Tho you're lost and gone forever, fare
thee well, my thirty-nine.

In the cockpit of the cobra, trying hard
to reach the line.

But alas, my engine faltered, fare thee
well, my thirty-nine.

Half a snap roll, all inverted, with a
spin not far behind.

How the hell will I recover, fare thee
well, my thirty-nine.

Kick the rudder, pull the stick back and
hope you're just in time.

Because the man said ^{that} it would tumble, fare
thee well, my thirty-nine.

Where's the Bell man, where's he hiding,
with his propgandic line.

For he surely lost his marbles, if he
spins the thirty-nine.

All the brass hats and the congress they
have signed the dotted line.

They are lucky, they just bought it, they
don't fly the thirty-nine.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

2
Thunderbolt Song

(Synthe Dood Dandy)

We're the snafu's of the Squadron,
snafu's thru and thru are we.

Real live pilots, by the grace of God,
off on a drunken spree.

In our auger 47's, we're as proud as
we can be.

From thirty thousand to the deck we
peel off from our squadron,
We're in compressibility.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

Mustang Pilot's Song

(Bless them all)

Now they say there's a convoy leaves New York to-night,
bound for old England they say.

Heavily laden with browned off young men, bound for the
land they "adore".

Now they all know their Mustangs are keen as can be, to
catch a Focke-Wolf in their sights.

They're experts at moaning at bitching and groaning,
when everything's going all right.

Bless them all, bless them all,
the needle, the airspeed, the ball.

Bless the instructors that taught us to fly,
~~that~~ ^{They} sent us to solo and left us to die.

And if ever your fighter should stall,
your're in for one hell of a fall.

No lilies and violets for dead fighter pilots.

So cheer up my lads, bless them all.

Bless all the harness that fastens us in,
bless all the radio's ear splitting din.

So we'll loop and we'll roll and we'll dive,
'til we are more dead than alive.

No future in flying, unless you like dying,
so cheer up my lads, bless them all.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

Ten Commandments for an Instrument Pilot

1. Seat thyself well on thy fifth vertebra, leaving not the finger prints on the controls, and chewing not on thy finger nails.
2. Know thy instruments: for they are the true and appointed prophet.
3. Follow the indications of the instruments; and surely the airplane will follow along, even as the tail follows the sheep.
4. Do not stick out thy neck a foot; stay within the confines of thy ability, and thou shalt live to a happy old age.
5. Know thy appointed words and approved methods; so that if thy neck drapeth out, thou shalt be able even unto thyself to place same in it's proper place, upon thy shoulders.
6. Follow thy radio beam, for their ways are happy ways and will lead to the promised land-ing.
7. Listen carefully; yea verily, to the signal impinging on thy eardrums, for sometimes they seem to have the tongues of snakes, and will cross up thy orientation to the sad state to where, ^{thou} must ask Heaven herself for guidance.
8. Assume not, neither shalt thou guess; that thy position is such, but prove to thine satisfaction that such is the case.
9. Boast not, neither brag; for surely Old Devil Overcast shalt write such words in his book and thou shalt, some day, be called for an accounting.
10. Trust not thy seat (of thy pants), but follow thy instruments, read and interpret the word as given from thine instrument board, know that the responsibilities lie not with the hand that rocks the control column, but in the mind that directs the hand, ^{thou} and shalt be blessed with a long and happy life..amen

G. P. Harry

2419 Ormsby Circle

Flight Surgeon's Oath

I accept the sacred charge to assist in the healing of the
mind as well as of the body.

I will at all times remember my responsibility as a pioneer
in the new and important field of aviation medicine. I will bear
in mind that my studies are unending; my efforts ceaseless; that
in the understanding and performance of my daily tasks may be
the future usefulness of countless airman whose training has
been difficult and whose value is immeasurable.


My obligation as a physician is to practice the medical art
with uprightness and honor; my pledge as a soldier is devoted
to Duty, Honor, Country.

I will be ingenious. I will find cures where there are none;
I will call upon all the knowledge and skill at my command. I
will be resourceful; I will in the face of the direct emergency
strive to do the impossible.

What I learn by my experience may be influential to the world,
not only of today, but the air world of tomorrow which belongs
to aviation. What I learn and practice may turn the tide of battle.
It may send back to the peace time world the future leaders of
this country.

I will regard disease as the enemy. I will combat fatigue
and discouragement as foes; I will keep the faith of the men
entrusted to my care; I will keep the faith with the country
which has singled me out, and with my God.

I do solemnly swear these things by the heavens in which
men fly.


G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

I've Got Sixpence

I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence.

I've got sixpence, to last me all my life.

I've got sixpence to spend and sixpence to
lend, but no pence to send home to my wife.

No cares have I to grief me, no pretty little
girl to deceive me, I'm as happy as a king
believe me, as we go rolling, rolling home.

Rolling home, rolling home, by the light of
the silvery moon.

Oh, happy is the day when the Air Corps get's
it's pay.

As we go rolling, rolling home...dead drunk.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

Army Air Corps Song

Off we go into the wild blue yonder, Climbing high into the ~~sky~~^{SUN},
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder, at 'em, boys, give
'er the gun.

Down we dive, spouting our flame from under, off with one hell
of a roar.

We live in fame or go down in flame, boy, nothing can stop the
army air corps.

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder, sent it high into the
blue.

Hands of men blasted the world asunder, how they lived, God
only knew.

Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer, gave us wings ever
to soar.

With scouts before and bombers galore, boy, nothing can stop the
army air corps.

Here's a toast, to the host of those who love the vastness of
the sky.

To a friend, we shall send, a message of his brother men who
fly.

We drink to those who gave their all of old, then down we roar
to score the rainbow's pot of gold.

A toast to the host of the men we boast, the army air corps.

Clear...clear. contact....contact.

(continued)

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

Off we go into the wild blue yonder, keep your wings level and true.

If you live to be a gray haired wonder, keep your nose out of the blue.

Flying men guarding the nation's borders, we'll be there followed by more.

In echelon, we carry on, boy, nothing can stop the army air corps.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

10
Official Song of Randolph Field

Into the air, army air corps, into the air, pilots.
true.

Into the air, army air corp, and your wings will see
you thru.

When you hear our moters roaring and our steel props
start - to whine,

You can bet the army air corps, is along the fight-
ing line.

We have our hands on the throttle, as we wait for
the nod,
and we will meet them half way men and we'll drive
them to the sod.

And when our last flight is over, and we meet our
flying boss,
You can bet the air is clear, men, from Orion to
the Cross.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

9

Bombardier's Song

Said the bombardier to the pilot, "Oh, give us
a little ride".

The pilot said to the navigator, "Well, why
don't you climb inside?"

The navigator turned around and said to the
engineer, "Oh, your pants are dirty, your neck
is dirty, you're dirty behind the ear."

The pilot said to the gunner, "How are we fixed
for lead?"

The gunner said to the radio man, "How's the
weather ahead?"

"The weather's fine for flying, the fog has gone
to bed."

There's such good visibility, we can see vict-
ory ahead.

Let's fill the air with eagles, let's fill the
clouds with men.

And we shall see a world that free, when we fly
home again.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

Troop Transport Song (Carm Jones)
(Contributed by Capt. Edwards)

The props are turning, but God knows why, let's get this
baby up in the sky.

The wind's on our tail and the cowling is loose, there's
a big ^{green} ~~red~~ light, let's give her the goose.

Off we go, S'ing down the runway, off we go shoving her
the coal.

Off we go, pull her off at sixty, we're dragging a fence
and a telegraph pole.

Got our nose pointed down the road, there's a bowlegged
donkey with a hell of a load.

We don't give a damn for we are hot, if we bend a prop
we will wear the pot.

Here we come, following the contours, here we come kick-
ing up the sand.

Here we come, buzzing down the highway, on our way to the
promised land.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

Fighter Pilot's Hymn (Hinky Dinky Panky Doo)

(From the boys of the old anti-submarine patrol squadron)

Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in
in hell.

There are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh, the place is filled with ^{steers}queers,

^{NAVY}~~bomber~~ pilots, and bombardiers.

~~and~~ Oh, there are no fighter pilots down in
hell.

G. P. Harry
2419 Ormsby Circle
Jacksonville, Florida 32210

456 Mile Hill Road
Tolland, CT 06084
Sept. 13, 1984

Mr. C.W. Getz
P.O. Box 3323
San Mateo, California
94403

(203) 871-1088

Dear Mr. Getz:

I was pleasantly surprised to hear that someone had published a recent book of Air Force songs. I had thought there was little current interest in that facet of Air Force life. Having grown up on Oscar Brand's three albums of flying songs (long since memorized), I have tried to find additional such songs during my Reserve tours at Maxwell, at the Fairchild Library. I had limited success, finding only one or two volumes there, and those were published in the forties and fifties.

That there is an interest in the USAF community in such songs is however becoming evident. Occasionally, I will sing something from Brand (softly) in an O Club casual bar, and get a response, generally from an AF retiree who remembers the "old days". So, when I read of your Book, "Wild Blue Yonder: Songs of the Air Force" in the "Airmail" column of Air Force Magazine (Sept 84, pp.19,21), I decided to write, to you, and inquire just how I can get a copy of Volume I, and get on the list for Volume II. Your letter did not go into costs, but anything reasonable would be acceptable. Please advise me of the cost of Volume I, and I will be glad to remit promptly.

When I was on Active Duty in the mid-60's at Davis-Monthan AFB AZ (390 SMW, 571 SMS), I was an MCCC at the Titan II sites south and west of the city. We never sung anything. (SAC, you know, is a dignified bunch- the main bar at D-M was dead most nights.) I know of only one attempt at humor sanctioned by the Wing while I was there (November 1965-March 70), that being the "Missile Combat Crew Lament" as published in the commemorative book, "Advance to Memory". (privately published in 1970 by and for members of the 390 SMW). I have enclosed a copy of this "Lament", along with a copy of a photo from the same book. Talk about ponderous humor.

I am still in the Reserve (9004 ARS), working with Civil Air Patrol Cadets on a points basis (Cat H). And from them, I am starting to hear the old songs, dredged up from God knows where- your book perhaps? Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,

Carlton A. Stidsen
Carlton A. Stidsen
Major, USAFR

DEFINITIONS

- 2 C²R² = COMBAT CREW REST + RELAXATION
- THE 12 HOUR PERIOD FOLLOWING AN ALERT TOUR THAT CREWS COULD NOT BE CALLED IN FOR TRAINING, STANBOARD OR OTHER HARASSMENT
- ✓ WHITE HARD HARDS - THE VIP'S WORE WHITE. CREWS HAD BLUE DUMES
- 4 ORI - OPERATIONAL READINESS INSPECTION. AN ANNUAL TEST OF CAPABILITY THAT GOT A LOT OF COMMANDERS FIRED OR TRANSFERRED. A REAL PAIN IN THE ASS, BUT NECESSARY. STILL DONE TODAY
- 5 BACK-TO-BACK TOURS. - WE USUALLY DID 8 TOURS PER MONTH. AFTER A 30 HR TOUR MOST PEOPLE NEEDED 2 DAYS TO RECOVER. A "BACK TO BACK" SENT US OUT TO THE SITES 24 HOURS AFTER OUR LAST TOUR. (EX: ON MONDAY - OFF TUESDAY (C²R²+12) - ON WEDNESDAY. OUR EFFICIENCY WOULD GO TO HELL AFTER THE FIRST 12 HOURS OR SO. STILL DONE, SO I'M TOLD
- 7 "HIGH YELLOW SCARVES" - STANBOARD (NOW CALLED STAN/EVAL) TYPES WORE YELLOW SCARVES. INSTRUCTORS WORE WHITE. LINE SWINE (I.E. THE GUYS WHO DID THE WORK AND STOOD THE ALERTS) WORE BLUE SCARVES
- 8 "WARRIE-WARBLES" - THE AUDIBLE ALERT SIGNAL FOR MESSAGES INCOMING
- 9 "GIANT FOXES" - LOCAL ORI-TYPE EXERCISES.
- 6 "WHITES" - WE USED TO WEAR ONE PIECE WHITE COVERALLS (BAGS).
AROUND '68, WE CHANGED TO TWO PIECE BLUE SUITS.
- 1 "BRIEFKASES" - WE ALL CARRIED OUR PERSONAL GEAR (INCLUDING SLIPPERS, PAPERBACKS + SNACKS, PLUS CHECKLISTS, ETC IN USAF-ISSUED NAVIGATOR BAGS. I STILL HAVE MINE (EXPENDABLE ITEM).

Missile Combat Crew Lament

And so it was that in the thirteenth hour of the sun, in the Tand of the Burning Cactus, the heavy-laden lay down their briefcases and lifted their voices in prayer toward the center cubicle, from which all things began.

And as the Pushers of Buttons and the Watchers of Lights assemble in prayer there ariseth great clamor, weeping and lamentation, for they are heavy of eye, sore of fingers, and in need of shaves — for their toils have indeed been great. Surely now the Master shall grant them O'R.

Then there is a great hush, for the hallowed portals of the center cubicle at the Command Post open and the Master and his Disciples cometh forth from their sanctuary and don their white hard hats and rose-colored glasses — for lo, the sun is painful even to them.

And one Disciple steps forth and speaketh unto them of the O'R in the morrow and calleth on the Pushers of Buttons and Watchers of Lights to give freely and cheerfully of their labours and crew rest; for the O'R surpasseth all earthly things.

Then there is another great hush, for the Master himself cometh forth to speak; and he saith unto them: "Return ye to your labours, and if the O'R be of great success surely there shall be no back-to-backs during the third week of the half moon; and ye shall have your hour of respite."

And lo, one of the braver of the Pushers of Buttons and Watchers of Lights ariseth and maketh great harangue and speaketh to the Master saying: "Surely Thou hast not so soon forgotten Thy promise that on this day Thy wouldst grant us rest?"

Then the Master becometh agape and exceedingly wrathful and speaketh in a thunderous voice; and the Pushers of Buttons and Watchers of Lights whisper and quaketh in their whites and there is sweat in their blue neckbands, for their fear is great indeed.

For the Master saith: "Be thou then accursed, for thine ingratitude is great." And the Pushers of Buttons and Watchers of Lights murmur: "Yea, verily, we are of the accursed."

And the Master speaketh yet again: "Fear my judgment, for ye are the unfortunate. Ye shall henceforth pull twice as many back-to-back tours; we shall brief ye at great lengths of weather conditions, parking lot hazards and of many small things; and I shall send the High Yellow Scarves to work mischief among the crews and to harass and to say upon thee, and ye shall have no more spare lamp bulbs. And great indeed will be the plagues that I shall visit upon thee. Yea, though I walk through the throngs I shall be deaf to your pleas, and ye shall come to know the torments of the checklist and of many warble-warbles and giant foxes in the dark of night.

And the Pushers of Buttons and Watchers of Lights rent their whites and sit in the ashes and plea for mercy; but the Master is unforgiving.

Then the Master and his Disciples turn away from the pleas and go thence into the places under which rivers of beer flow; and they abide there during the darker hours.

And the many Pushers of Buttons and Watchers of Lights return to their tasks and they push buttons and watch lights; and if ye listen closely ye can hear their whispers: "Five, four, three, two, one . . ."



When this book was first conceived, its progenitors solemnly promised that *everybody's* picture would absolutely be in the book. A lovely thought, a magnanimous pledge—but unrealistic. To those of you who do not see yourselves pictured in our pages, we can only say: we apologize, we sincerely tried to photograph all of you. Several factors prevented us from achieving that goal: due to lapses in production work on the book (while the "staff" itself underwent two nearly total changes in personnel), *Advance to Memory* has taken over 2½ years to bring to print; during this time a staggering number of individuals has departed the Wing, to be replaced by just as many new faces who also rightfully expect a place in *A2M*. Indeed, some of them were on leave or TDY when we did our photographing. So, to smooth your disappointment we offer this thought: you may not see your picture, but you are there. You, as an individual, have indelibly left your mark on the 390th. You are in these pages—in the words; in the eyes of your comrades' faces. You helped the 390th to be what it is, didn't you? And, after all, that's what this book is really about—not just a collection of pictures.

To those of you still not placated, we offer this one alternative: we happened to run across this photo (above) while cleaning up our office after the book was finished. We don't remember where it came from, but... could THAT be you?!!!

I KNOW I'D GET MY PICTURE
IN THE BOOK

ADVANCE TO MEMORY

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AIRMAIL

October Issue

I read with great interest your October '82 issue, which highlighted the Air Reserve Forces. Each article was well written and summarized the broad spectrum of activities successfully performed by the Air National Guard and the Air Force Reserve. The only additional idea I feel was not touched on in the issue was the strong traditional/historical heritage that belongs to the "militia" forces (including AFRES) by being military units made up entirely of local citizens.

Being sixth-generation Pennsylvania militia myself, I am sensitive to a different perspective of the military not commonly understood by my Air Force counterparts. For more than two centuries... my family has served in a succession of local units.

This tradition is not uncommon among reservists, and it has benefits that strengthen the military in ways not generally recognized outside of publications for the Guard or Reserve. One of these benefits is the strong personal attachments that are built up over the years among members of a local unit. Of my sixteen years of service, eight of which were enlisted, twelve years have been in the same squadron. This type of service provides an ideal opportunity for officers to know the people they manage, and vice versa.

Concurrently, many years in the same working environment with the same weapon systems sharpen skills to a greater degree than would be possible if frequent transfers were required. As for longevity, it is not unusual for a reservist to spend more than thirty years at the same base with the same unit.

Another benefit often overlooked is the frequency with which family members and relatives serve together in local units. There is no better retention incentive in the Regular Forces. Fathers, sons, daughters, wives, husbands, mothers, cousins, etc., often serve in the same units and can count on serving together throughout their careers. These attachments provide

the mortar for the bricks. Their influence is difficult to measure, but they are a positive factor for the nation's defense.

In my opinion, having worked both sides of the fence—enlisted and officer, active and reserve—the Air Reserve Forces provide the best value to the country that money can buy. They are dedicated, motivated, and highly reliable.

Thanks for the issue that presented our case.

Capt. Dennis B. Ardinger,
PaANG
Bridgeville, Pa.

Just a quick note to advise you that the October '82 issue finally gives the reserve components some decent recognition—a process that still has many of the die-hard Regulars uptight. I never appreciated the fact that it was an annual hassle to convince them that we could do a job if properly supported.

But, as Winston Churchill once observed, "Indifference to good people is the mark of a strong nation."

Col. Fred E. Bamberger,
USAF (Ret.)
Lauderdale Lakes, Fla.

With regard to your October '82 issue: Reservists also play a valuable role as Reserve Assistance Coordinators for Civil Air Patrol units across the country.

These Reservists assist CAP com-

manders in operating local squadrons, help coordinate airlift, judge cadet competitions, and evaluate CAP performance in Air Force-authorized emergency services training activities. Many Reservists also fly with CAP aircrews on actual search-and-rescue missions.

Civil Air Patrol members appreciate the dedication and assistance of these Reserve officers and NCOs.

Capt. Eric Karnes, CAP
Charlotte, N. C.

The Vital Difference

Regarding the letter "Overemphasis on Pilots?" from James D. Bradley in the "Airmail" section of the October '82 issue (p. 12): Let him be mollified by the old Air Corps marching song that we learned as aviation cadets swinging along at the technical training command center at Boca Raton in 1943:

You've heard of the pilots so
daring
As they gracefully soar
through the air,
If it weren't for the men in the
hangar
They wouldn't be flying up
there!
So here's to the men who
maintain them,
The oilers and grease
monkeys, too—
If a thing has two wings and
an engine,
We'll fix it to fly in the blue!

This rollicking ballad in no way diminished the vital "flyboy" types we needed on Guam with the 16th Bomb Group, 315th Wing, Twentieth Air Force, in its missions against the Empire. It was Army Air Forces teamwork—as I am sure it is Air Force teamwork that makes the vital difference today.

(P.S.: Do any readers know the origins and other verses of this song?)

John Kennard
Milford, Conn.

Inexcusable?

Charles Corddry may be the dean of the Pentagon press corps, but his omission of the USAF contribution to

Submissions to "Airmail" should be sent to the attention of the "Airmail" editor, 1750 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W., Suite 400, Washington, D. C. 20006. Letters should not exceed 500 words, and preferably be typed. We reserve the right to condense letters as necessary. Names will be withheld on request, but unsigned letters are not acceptable. Because of the volume of letters received, it is not possible to print all submissions. Please allow lead time of at least two months for time-sensitive announcements.

SONG OF THE FORTY-NINERS *
(Tune - Clementine)

Uncle Sam, he had an Air Force
But he had to have some more;
So he formed the FORTY-NINERS,
And he sent them off to war.

Out of 'Frisco, sailed the transport,
Wives and sweethearts left behind;
Forty-Niners off to battle,
Dreadful sorry, wife o'mine.

In Australia girls were pining,
For their men were over seas;
Then along came the Forty-Niners
And the girls were put at ease.

Over Darwin, came the Zeroes,
And the bombers, formed in V's;
Then they met the Forty-Niners,
Dreadful sorry, Nipponese.

Sick of Darwin, the mosquitoes,
Lack of Beer and lousy chow;
Mac, remember the forty-niners,
We've been up here too long now.

-Ralph L. Royce.

* (49th Fighter Group. 1st organized unit to depart the U.S. for combat duty after pearl Harbor. After brief training period in Australia in which the assigned pilots, Bomber trained, were converted to fighter jocks flying P-40's, Squadrons were deployed to Darwin, Australia, where they turned back the Japanese advance. Some of the top and best known aces of WWII service in the Pacific:

	<u>PILOT</u>	<u>SQDN</u>	<u>PLANES DESTROYED</u>	
Major	Richard I. Bong	9th	40	98 at Darwin, Aust.
1st Lt	George E. Preddy	9th	25.8	<u>678</u> at end of WWII.
LtCol	Gerald R. Johnson	9th	22	
1st Lt	James Hagerstrom	8th	14.5	
1st Lt	John D. Landers	9th	14.5	
Capt	Robert DeHaven	7th	14	
Capt	James A. Watkins	9th	12	

And 37 other Aces, from 10 to 5 victories.

Maj Thomas B. McGuire also was a member of the 9th Sqdn in 1943. Group Commander, later Commander Fifth Fighter Command, was Maj Gen Paul Wurtsmith.

* 1st AAF Group to recover the Philippines
" " " to enter Japan.

* 1st USAF Group to continue
in Korea, VietNam, and in
other regions/Still on Active
list.

Local Notables

4V
Dr. George Leitmann, University of California Berkeley, professor of mechanical engineering and associate dean for graduate affairs, was elected a Fellow of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics (1982).

Don Van Cleve of Hayward is the executive secretary of the Flying Tigers of the former 14th Air Force. The group had a meeting at the Silver Dragon Restaurant in Oakland on January 9th for the former pilots, mechanics and support troops.

USAF Col. (Ret.) L.G. Irving, a WW I flyer and past chapter president of the East Bay (California) Chapter of the Retired Officers Association has provided scholarships (\$500 each) for deserving children, grandchildren or wards of chapter members. In 1983, three Irving scholarships were awarded.

An old Air Corps marching song:

You've heard of the pilots so daring
As they gracefully soar through the air
If it weren't for the men in the hangar
They wouldn't be flying up there!
So here's to the men who maintain them,
The oilers and grease monkeys, too--
If a thing has two wings and an engine,
We'll fix it to fly in the blue!

Same as 4V

W A M
CHARTER MEMBER APPLICATION
P. O. Box 620
Corte Madera, California 94925

I hereby apply for charter membership in the Western Aerospace Museum and enclose dues of (check one):

\$ 30.00 Annual Family _____ NAME _____ PHONE _____
25.00 Annual Individual _____ ADDRESS _____
500.00 Life - Individual _____
1,000.00 Annual Corporate _____ CITY _____, STATE _____ ZIP _____

(Please make checks payable to Western Aerospace Museum. All contributions are tax deductible.)

Western Aerospace Museum
P. O. Box 620
Corte Madera, CA 94925

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage Paid
Permit # 134
Corte Madera,
CA. 94925

G.W. Getz
P.O. Box 3323
San Mateo, CA 94403

In 1935, as the Navy had abandoned its dirigible program, Moffett Field was turned over to the Army Air Corps. From 1935 to 1940, Moffett Field became the base for Army pursuit groups and observation squadrons. In 1940, Moffett Field was converted to the headquarters of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center and the flight school for basic training of cadets in BT-13 and BT-15 aircraft. By late 1942, the base was returned to the Navy as an LTA station once again, for training pilots in "L" type and "G" type blimps and as headquarters for "K" type aircraft on anti-submarine warfare patrol. The 12 to 15 "K" ships operating from Moffett during World War II maintained effective A.S.W. patrol over the Pacific coastline.

Once again, in the 1980's, an effective A.S.W. patrol operates out of Moffett Field, using Lockheed P3-Orion aircraft. CDR Lee Prior, USNR (RET.) OX5 NO 9269

Aviation Celebration

A year-long Air and Space Bicentennial to celebrate achievements in aviation and space flight from 1783-1983 has been launched in the United States, France and Great Britain.

President Ronald Reagan has agreed to become honorary chairman and Vice President Bush will be vice chairman. Conway B. Jones Jr, pres. of Adelphi Inc. of Oakland has been named by Reagan as a member of the U.S. Industry Advisory Board to the Bicentennial. The U.S. organizing committee is chaired by Sen. Charles M. Mathias, Jr. (R-Md.). President is Maj. Gen. Clifton von Kann (Ret.), president of the National Aero-nautic Association and Anna Chennault, president of TAC International, is vice-president. Board members include Sen. John Glenn (D-Ohio), and Sen. Harrison H. Schmitt (R-N.M.) and Sen. Barry Goldwater (R-Ariz.).

Events will include international air races, air shows and expositions in a number of cities.

Oakland Airport Museum Site Progress

General Rollin Moore, WAM Trustee and Robert Mortensen, East Bay businessman continue to work toward acceptance of a museum at Oakland Airport and developing a proposal toward that end in conjunction with Oakland area civic and governmental leaders. We are optimistic about the prospects.

American Eagle Squadron Bay Area Connections

The 40th Anniversary of the transfer en masse into the U.S. Army Air Force of the three American Eagle Squadrons of the British Royal Air Force, took place in 1982. This famous fighter group was established in September 1940. On September 29, 1942, the Eagle units transferred into the USAAF.

In 1967, Maj. Gen. C.W. McCollipin, who lives in Novato in Marin County, then Chief of the 4th Air Force, Air Defense Command at Hamilton AFB, and a leading Eagle Ace helped establish the Eagle Squadron Association (ESA). He became its first president. Current secretary is George Sperry of 1582 Calle Enrique, Pleasanton, Cal. 94566., also a former Eagle Squadron member.

Two books on ESA history have been published and a third is in preparation. The ESA is working on an exhibit for the International Aerospace Hall of Fame in San Diego featuring the famous Spitfire which many of them flew.

RECEIVED SEP 2 1 1984

ANSWERED SEP 2 8 1984

GEORGE HOCUTT
23141 Oakbridge Lane
Newhall, California 91321
(805) 255-7325

4V

September 24, 1984

C.W. "Bill" Getz
The Redwood Press
P.O. Box 3323
San Mateo, CA 94403-0323

Dear Mr. Getz,

I have just received the copy of WILD BLUE YONDER that I ordered as a gift for a friend and former B-17 jock in the 8th. Thank you very much. As for Volume 2 - Stag Bar edition, by all means publish it. It should do well. I can account for at least two copies.

To add to your files I have a parody on your S53, THE SPIRIT OF THE AIR CORPS or INTO THE AIR. I remember this from my days as an aviation cadet at Goodfellow Air Force Base near San Angelo, Texas. I thought it was fairly well known and was surprised that it was not included in Volume 1. In case you do not have it I will give it all as I remember it:

Into the air junior birdmen,
Into the air upside down.
Into the air junior birdmen,
Keep your nose up in the brown, up in the brown.
And when you hear the Captain shouting
That you've earned your wings of tin
You can bet the junior birdmen
Have sent their box-tops in.

Hope you find it useful. Thanks again.

Warmest Regards,

George Hocutt

4V

ODE TO THE FOUR LETTER WORDS

Banish the use of the four-letter words
Whose meanings are never obscure,
The Anglos and Saxons, those bawdy old birds
Were vulgar, obscene, and impure.
Put cherish the use of the weaseling phrase
That never quite says what you mean;
You'd better be known for your hypocrite ways
Than vulgar, impure and obscene.

When nature is calling, plain speaking is out,
When the ladies, God bless 'em, are milling about.
You may wee-wee, make water, or empty the glass;
You can powder your nose -- even "johnnie" may pass.
Shake the dew off the lily, see a man 'bout a dog,
When everyone's soused, it's "condensing the fog."
But please to remember, if you would know bliss --
That only in Shakespeare do characters _____.

A woman has bosoms, a bust, or a breast
Those lily-white swellings that bulge near her vest.
They are towers of ivory, or sheaves of new wheat;
In a moment of passion, ripe apples to eat.
You may speak of her nipples as fingers of fire
With hardly a question of raising her ire.
But by Rabelais' beard, she will throw several fits
If you speak of them roundly as good honest _____.

It's a cavern of joy you are thinking of now --
A "warm tender field awaiting the plow"
It's a quivering pigeon, caressing your hand,
Or the National Anthem -- it makes us all stand.
Or perhaps it's a flower, a grotto, a wall,
But friend, heed this warning -- beware the affront
Of aping the Saxons -- don't call it a _____.

Though a lady repel your advance, she'll be kind
As long as you intimate what's on your mind;
You may tell her to see how your etchings are hung.
You may mention the ashes that need to be hauled,
Put the lid on the saucepan -- even "lay's" not too bald.
Put the moment you're forthright, get ready to duck
For the girl isn't born who'd stand for "let's _____".

So banish the words that Elizabeth used,
When she was a queen on her throne.
The modern maid's virtue is easily bruised
By the four-letter words all alone.
Let your morals be loose as an alderman's vest,
If your language is always obscure.
Today, not the act but the word is the test,
Of the vulgar, obscene and impure!

This sweet thing - is the most pithy piece of poetry - I have now written in verse - tower also wrote the roots in the life of Barrymore I love you tho.

HIGH FLIGHT by J.G.MAGEE, Jr.

OH, I HAVE SLIPPED THE SURLY BONDS OF EARTH
 AND DANCED THE SKIES ON LAUGHTERED-SILVERED WINGS;
 SUNWARD I'VE CLIMBED AND JOINED THE TUMBLING MIRTH
 OF SUN-SPLIT CLOUDS---AND DONE A HUNDRED THINGS
 YOU HAVE NOT DREAMED OF--WHEELED AND SEARED AND SWUNG
 HIGH IN THE SUNLIT SILENCE; HOV'RING THERE,
 I'VE CHASED THE SHOUTING WIND ALONG, AND FLUNG
 MY EAGER CRAFT THROUGH FOOTLESS HALLS OF AIR.

UP, UP, THE LONG DELIRIOUS, BURNING BLUE
 I'VE TOPPED THE WIND SWEEPED HEIGHTS WITH EASE AND GRACE
 WHERE NEVERE LARK, NOR EVEN EAGLE FLEW--
 AND WHILE WITH SILENT LIFTING WIND I'VE TROD
 THE HIGH UNTRESSPASSED SANCTITY OF SPACE
 PUT OUT MY HAND AND TOUCHED THE FACE OF GOD.

PHANTOM by MAJOR PAUL

YESTERDAY I RACED A FLEETING SHADOW, SWIFT AS LIGHT
 IT HURTTLED OVER SUNLIT FIELDS AND LUSH BROWN HILLS
 WITH CARELESS EASE IT LEAPED THE RIVERS, HIGHLANDS, WOODLANDS, AND THE SCATTERED TOWNS
 A THING OF BEAUTY, SUN-BORN, WILD WITH SPEED
 IT FOILED THE CLUTCHING FINGERS OF THE GREY MESQUITE.
 I LANDED-----AND THE PHANTOM CAME TO REST BENEATH MY WINGS
 I FELT THAT I HAD KILLED A THING OF LIFE AND MOURNED IT'S PASSING.

WOMEN, WOMEN, WOMEN.

I THINK THAT I WILL NEVER WANT
A THING AS TIRED AS A DEBUTANTE
A DEBUTANTE IS ONE WHO IS SO TIRED OF ~~IE~~ ALL
ONE WONDERS HOW SHE'LL GET HER OFFSPRING Sired, IF AT ALL.
I COULD TOLERATE A GIRL WHO GOT DRUNK AND PUPLICALLY THREW
AWAY HER PANTS
BUT FOR GODSAKE SPARE ME THE DEBUTANTES.

THE NICEST THING ABOUT WOMEN IS ANTICIPATION
AND THE NICEST THING TO ANTICIPATE IS INDISCRETION
SO, WHEN AFEMME IS SHORT ON SINUOSITIES
SHE CAN GET NOTHING OUT OF ME BUT ANIMOSITIES.

IF SHE ALWAYS WEARS A GIRDLE
SHE'LL NEVER GET ME OVER THE HURDLE.
IF SHE NEVER WEARS A LOW-CUT BODICE
WHAT DESIRE IS THERE TO PROD US???
BUT THERE IS ONE TYPE WHO GETS ME IN TOTO
THE ONE THAT LOOKS LIKE A HURRELL PHOTO
SHE MAY BE GROSS AND OTHERWISE FEMININE
BUT IF SHE REALLY WANTS TO DO SOME HEMMIN IN
SHE'LL SOAK HERSELF IN A HEADY STENCH
AND SHE'LL HAVE ME WHERE I CAN'T RETRENCH

LEAVE THE BEAUTS ON THE BENCHES
WHAT I LIKE IS SEXY WENCHES
AND NOTHING PUTS ME IN GREATER STITCH
THAN PERFUME ON SOME LITTLE FEMME

NO ONE OBJECTS---TO GOOD CLEAN SEX ---SOOOO

HERE'S A TOAST TO THE WOMAN WHO WON'T
FOR SHE MISSES THE BEST IN LIFE
YET STRANGE TO SAY WHEN WE SETTLE DOWN
WE CHOOSE THAT KIND FOR A WIFE.

here's

~~AND NOW~~ A TOAST TO THE WOMAN WHO WILL
FOR SHE'S FILLED WITH A PASSIONATE FIRE
BOTH GOOD AND BAD, AND GAY AND SAD
THE KIND THAT FILLS MAN'S DESIRE.
AND NOW A TOAST TO BOTH OF THEM SO
COME AND YE GLASSES FILL
AND LIFT THEM UP TO THE WOMAN WHO WON'T —
I'LL DRINK TO THE WOMAN WHO WILL.

IT WILL NOT LAST FOREVER
NOR WILL THE EARTH AND SKIES
BUT HE THAT DRINKS IN SEASON
SHALL LIVE BEFORES HE DIES

4V

ROMANTIC NE. GUINEA

Down where there are no ten commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst,
He's the outcast of civilization,
The victim of life at its worst.

Down on this tropical Island;
Where man & t God forgot,
Battle the ever present fever,
The itch and jungle rot.

Nobody knows they're living,
And nobody gives a damn,
Back home they're soon forgotten,
These soldiers of Uncle Sam.

Living with the dirty natives,
Down in the sweltering zone,
Down by the muddy river,
Many thousand miles from home.

Drenched with sweat in the evening,
They sit on their bunks and dream,
Of killing themselves with cocoanuts,
And making things not quite as they seem.

No place to go on payday,
To squander their meager pay,
No where to raise hell for an evening,
Only work, work every day.

Vermin at night on their pillows,
Ills that no Doctor can cure,
Hell No! Were not convicts,
Just soldiers on foreign tour.

There's just one small consolation,
Gather round and I shall tell,
When we die we'll go to heaven,
For we served our term in HELL.

ROMANTIC NE. GUINEA

"COME TO LOVELY NEW GUINEA"

Are you a housewife with nerves tattered and torn by life's mad pace? Are you a defense worker whose morale has been shattered by \$200.00 a week and the grim menace of Mitsubishies over Minneapolis? Does your battered soul thirst for some peaceful haven where days drift by like rose petals on the placid tide of sleep? Then be of good cheer, for the earth's war scarred face can be blotted out by the many fingered shadow of a palm tree. Turn from the world's churlish buffets and come to New Guinea — to romance-drenched New Guinea, the Shagri-la of the tropics — the past participle of perfection.

To reach this isle of enchanted loveliness, you must cross the cobalt blue foothills of the Pacific. For a few glorious weeks, you live in the fascinating man's world below decks. Tucked cozily in Tier #4 of the eight bunk hitch, you watch the imprint of buttocks bulge and fade in the springs above you — hear torpedoes boil dreamily beneath the stern, and realize that life can be beautiful. Yet all this is a poor herald for the island splendor which is to be yours in New Guinea a flowered fantasy often referred to as the healthiest community west of the Fiji Island Loper Colony. Watch it burgeon above the clean line where sea embraces sky — vibrate to the topaz peaks wrapped in a golden nimbus of blood sucking insects, muscled like bull gorillas. You will be embalmed along with it — a never to be forgotten experience.

At first view, this lush fair land is almost confusing. What to do? Will you ride a blooded steer along aromatic trails which sweep Roosevelt Ridge? Or shall the first hike take you through the convulsive beauties of Hellfire Pass? Here the beauty bewildered tourist is wont to fill his lungs with the breezes which blow across the Samurai rotting peacefully in the ravines — to bathe his soul in glamour. But there is always the good-humored argument between mountains and sea coast. So perhaps you would prefer a day on New Guinea's world-famed beaches. You can laze on salt white sand, or plunge into incredibly clean breakers washed by the winds of half a world. Lie on your back and float in the mellow sunlight — romp with the playful sharks.

If you are the competitive type, you will find keen sport upon the green courts of the Sanananda Bath and Tennis Club. Bring your sticks and tour the unmatched fairways of the Buna Foxhole Golf and Country Club. Here are the traps which have frustrated the best Japanese professionals. And the nights — ah! the nights. Mighty chasms of darkness — sable curtains powdered with stars of uncanny beauty. The Southern Cross hangs there like the kite of some Godlike giant. The soothing cec of the vampire bat flows down from the stately palms, and you can hear the lilting slobber of Japanese bodies washing softly along the beach.

And how will you spend your first evening? We might drop in on a native village where the simple black man lives in unspoiled dignity. In this thatched hamlet we find the romantic New Guinea Islander in his proper setting — untouched by the grubby paws of the white man's world. Hear that eerie chant swirling through the fire-burnished darkness — "She'll be coming round the mountains when she comes. She'll be driving six white horses —" Very well, if you insist upon Papua's upper drawer, we'll watch the sunset through tall and misty glasses in the air conditioned bar of the Dobodura Plaza. We can dine on dream-festooned terraces of the Nassau Bay Hotel. The evening may be brought to a fitting climax dancing beneath the stars at Klub Kokoda where Don Carlos' fluid flute drains the very soul of music, and champagne corks fire a 21-gun salute to Bacchus.

And what can be livelier than driving home through the ack-ack spangled night — watching the lazy butter-fingers of the searchlights in their slow probings? You can feel your broken soul re-knitting itself as the jeep tires croon on the boulevards. And home at last to sink into the drowsy ripples of your bed. Let the elfin drone of mosquitos urge you gently down the slope of utter peace. Tune your ears to the crystal waters of the Laloki as it wanders toward the sea — chuckling contentedly through the picturesque eye-sockets of Japanese skulls. Open your pores to the lure of the tropics.

Yes, come to New Guinea — and bring your straight jacket, you silly bastard.



4X
DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
497TH TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON (PACAF)
APO SAN FRANCISCO 96213

RECEIVED OCT 1 1984
ANSWERED OCT 1 1984

Capt Michael P. Nishimuta
P.O. Box 317
APO SF 96213

C. W. Getz
P.O. Box 3323
San Mateo, CA 94403

28 Sep 84

Dear Bill,

Saw your letter in the Air Force Magazine. Enclosed are some of the songs that were written in the last year here at Taegu Air Base, Republic of Korea, where the 497TFS "Hooters" prowl the skies in our clean F-4E's with the air superiority mission. I saw your songbook at the base library here and it's a super job. I lead our local squadron singing group, and we try to incorporate some history in the new songs we write. I think our best song is "Gunner's Boys", which is enclosed. I know you might not have room for any of these, but this is the best "new" stuff coming out of Korea today!

Michael P. Nishimuta

Michael P. Nishimuta, Capt, USAF
497TFS



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
497TH TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON (PACAF)
APO SAN FRANCISCO 96213

LISTEN, HOOTERS

Listen, Hooters to a story that was written long ago,
'bout the Night Owls up in Thailand,
And the missions that they flew
Fragged to go up North to Hanoi
In the darkness they did fly
Drop their napalm on the convoys
Watch those commies scream and die

Chorus: Go ahead and strafe a commie
Go ahead and waste a red
Do it in the name of freedom
You can stack 'em up when they're dead
There won't be any commies breathin'
Come the judgement day
On the bloody morning after...
One more gomer died today

Now the Hooters fly from Taegu
Fighting in their F-4E's
Lead the Juvats to their targets, up above the DMZ
Armed with Sparrows, heaters ready
Kim-Il Sung knows we're the best
If you really doubt us, asshole
Come on down and press-to-test!

To the tune of "One Tin Soldier Died Today", this song reminds us of the days when the "Night Owls" flew continuous night missions in the ground attack role. Now the "Hooters" are based in Korea with an air superiority mission as part of the 51TFW from Osan.



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
497TH TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON (PACAF)
APO SAN FRANCISCO 96213

GUNNER'S BOYS

Sung to the tune of Pancho and Lefty, this song was written by Rocky Farry, of the 497TFS Hooters at Taegu Air Base, Republic of Korea, in 1983. The Hooters fly the F-4E in the air superiority role as part of the 51TFW from Osan.

Liv'in in the air we said
Gonna' make us free and lean
Now our eyes are hard as iron
Wings upon our chest do gleam
Fighting hard and flying low
Anywhere we're sure to go
We don't think that we will die
They say it's our foolish pride

(Chorus) Yes we are all Gunner's boys
Jets as fast as polished steel
War machines strapped to our backs
For all the Fuckin' (or Commie) world to fear
Some have met their match, you know
Bandits, flack and SA-2's
Nobody heard their dying words
Ah, but, that's the way it goes (ending)
Poets tell how the Phantom flew
105's, Linebacker 2,
Jungle's quiet, the wind is cold
Carries the names of the fallen bold
They all need your prayers it's true
Save some for me and you
We will do what we have to do
Before we all grow old
(to chorus)

"Gunner" was our previous squadron commander, LTC Charles Heltsley. We now sing the song with "Hooter" for "Gunner". Hooter 1 is our present squadron commander, Byron C. Huff



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
497TH TACTICAL FIGHTER SQUADRON (PACAF)
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FIGHTING HOOTERS

Sung to the tune of "Mr. Bojangles"

I knew a band of Hooters, and they'd fight for you,

In worn out jets

Sparrows, and heaters, we'll kill for you

Just place your bets

We fly so high, fly so high

Then we gently touch down

Mac, wake up, we're all signed out, how 'bout some jets?

Standby, Sir!

We got our jets, and poopy suits, where's Adashi? *

Now Hooter's pissed.

The driver's here, driver's here,

Let's step to our jets

Chorus: Fighting Hooters,

Fighting Hooters,

Fighting Hooters, fly...

Standing by for time hack check, with three and four

But where is two?

His intercom has something wrong, the Redball's there

We'll give him a few

We got our checks, got our checks

Then we fuck'n took off

Reno two, they're on the nose for twenty miles

At eighteen thou'

Tally Ho, and bandit call, Fox 1's away

That's two more down!

It's Miller time, Miller time,

Let's head for the hootch

(Chorus)

*Korean for "old man", the driver

4Y

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO

4Y

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon
of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em

CHORUS: Ay, Ay, Yi Yi
In China they never eat Chili,
So sing me another verse
That's worse than the other verse
And waits me around again Willie.

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all ass and
no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made of brass
When they swung together, they played
stormy weather
And lightning shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the worlds champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he played
God Save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon.

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went down
on his mother
And ate up his sisters miscarriage.

There once was a pilot from k-2
Who buggared a girl down in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as she handed him
his cock
Will I lose both my testicles too.

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked her
bowels
And deposited the mess on her breast.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on
this earth
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I'll save.

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are divine
But llamas are numero uno.

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said my dear you've a tight one
Said she pos my soul, you have the wrong hole
It's the one up in front that's the right one.

There was a man from St James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match, to his grandmothers snatch
And laughed as she pussed through the flames.

There once was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude, to be wooed
in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her.

There was a young man from Keith
Who skinned back pricks with his teeth
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted the
measure
But for the cheese he found underneath.

There was a young lass named Alice
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice
It was not from relief, as was the belief
But purely from protestant malice.

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who diddled the nuns while confirmin' 'em
He brought them indoors, slipped down
their drawers
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em.

There was a young man from Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and
the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were
funkingham.

There was a young man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled the stroke
And finished her off in mid-air.

There was a young queer from Kartum
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night, as to who had the right
to do what, with which, and to whom.

There was a professor from the Hall
Who possessed a cylindrical ball
The cube root of its weight, plus his penis,
times eight
Was four/fifths of five/eights of fuck all.

There was a young girl from St Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught on fire, and burned her
entire
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack
and pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in double
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamit stick for a phallis
They found her vagina, in South Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas.

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into
brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail
Between her tits was the price of her tail
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in braille.

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street, would not eat the
green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a liker
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went in the garden fo pee
He said Pax Vo Biscum, I can't make the
piss come
I guess I've got C L A P.

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs and
a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play a
selection
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ranson
Who had it three times in a hanson
When she cried for more, a voice from
the floor
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson.

There was a young lady from Twilling
Who went to the dentist for a drilling
But because of depravity, he filled the
wrong cavity
And now she's nursing her filling.

✓ There once was a man named Boris
Who collected stone clitoris
He said with a grin
"I prefer them of flint
Though sandstone is soft and more porous."

Original
by P.owary

(here's a recent chorus)

O, give me operations
In lovely old Thailand.
For I am too young to die
~~With a fighter tied to my hand.~~

I prefer to live in Siam

O, don't give me an F-one-oh-oh
It's a little too old and too slow.
The Thunderbirds like 'em,
But they ain't a-fightin'
Don't give me an F-one-oh-oh.

Chorus

And don't give me an Alpha one-E.
That airplane sure ain't for me.

~~xxxxxxx~~

All its got is torque
And you're sure to get dorked
Don't give me an Alpha one-E.

Chorus

Don't give me an F-105.
I'd much rather remain alive
I don't want my belly ~~xxx~~
Hung with gasoline jelly
Don't give me an F-105.

Chorus

Don't give me an HU-16

She is a most awkward machine
folds

with gear that folds horrible

you're heading for trouble

Don't give me an HU-16.

Chorus

Don't give me an Oscar 1E
much too old & too slow for me

That damned old slow poke

is just armored with smoke

Don't give me an Oscar one E

Don't give me an F101

She's got a gas - no gas

So how can you kill 'em

with colored fillum

Don't give me a F-101

Bill-

I keep finding more
stuff.

Don't give me a P-51
No airplane to fight
with the fun,
Hydraulics will bubble
And then you got trouble
Don't give me a P-51

4 Bulls
Went to
Dennis

SUBJECT:

TO:

11
 55
 59
 64
 71
 90

[illegible]

000
 any thing
 well
 1000
 1000



~~Country House~~
~~Chard Green~~
~~Fir Bank~~
~~Kewenore~~
Kotick
~~Sugar~~
MOTT

F-105 Alma Mater

High above the Kansas Flat Lands
In their brand new toys
Fly a bunch of frightened ham hands
McConnell School for boys
Off to battle led like cattle
They are heard to sigh
To the part of embarkations
Follow me and die

Found this at The 1st Stateside River Rat
Gathering at Wichita Kansas 1969. Author..?

SPANISH GUITAR

O, the first port of call was Aden, Aden
Where the girls wouldn't screw, but we made 'em

(Chorus)

Two dollars you pay, for a bang-up each way
And a tune on a spanish guitar.
Singing - -hi-ziggy ziggy, fuck a little piggy sideways
Swish-swish
My idea of a woman is a big fat whore
Shit-bang, fuck-stick
Two dollars you pay, for a bang up * each way
And a tune on a spanish guitar
Plink. Plink. Plink.

O, the next port of call was Malta
And the girls wouldn't screw tho' they ought to

O, the next port of call was Takhli
And there they all do it for free

4Y

12 DAYS OF COMBAT

TUNE: 12 Days of Christmas

On the first day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
a pilot in a teak tree.

On the second day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
2 rocket pods.

On the third day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
3 fuel tanks.

On the fourth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
4 GAR 8's.

On the fifty day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
5 thousand pounders.

On the sixth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
6 seven-fiftys.

On the seventh day of combat, Ho Chi Minh gave to me,
7 SAMS singing.

On the eight day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
8 flak sites firing.

On the ninth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
9 MIGs a-diving.

On the tenth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
10 Sandys searching.

On the eleventh day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
11 choppers whirling.

On the twelfth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me,
12 days a-waiting.

41
we need a couple bagones in this section -
Sammy & ~~Halle~~ ~~ought~~ ~~to do~~
~~The Battle Hymn~~

SAMMY SMALL (SEA VERSION) 22

O, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all
O, come round us fighter pilots, fuck 'em all
O, we fly the goddam plane
Through the flak and rain
And tomorrow we'll do it again
So, fuck 'em all.

O, they tell us not to think, f. . .
O, they tell us not to think, f. . .
O, they tell us not to think
Just to dive and just to jink
LBJ's a goddam fink
So, f. . .

O, we bombed MuGia pass, f. . .
O, we bombed MuGia pass, f. . .
O, we bombed MuGia pass
Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass
So, f. . .

O, we're on a J.C.S., f. . .
O, we're on a J.C.S., f. . .
O, they sent the whole damn wing
Probably half of us will sing
What a silly fucking thing
So, f. . .

O, we lost our fucking way, f. . .
O, we lost our fucking way, f. . .
O, we strafed goddam Hanoi
Killed every fucking girl and boy
What a goddam fucking joy
So, f. . .

O, my bird got all shot up, f. . .
O, my bird got all shot up, f. . .
O, my bird it did get shot
And I'll probably cry a lot
But I think that it's shit hot
So, f. . .

While I'm swinging in my chute, f. . .
While I'm hanging in my chute, f. . .
While I'm tangled in my chute
Comes this silly fucking toot
And hangs a medal on my root
So, . . . FUCK 'EM ALL!!!!

[Handwritten scribbles]

wild weasel

we needed a couple rough ones in The SEA section.
~~This, and The Battle Hymn should suffice.~~ AND ChemChim
should suffice.

Hail, Britannia!

1 Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam
(Three french crackers up your asshole,
Bam! Bam! Bam!

Hail Britannia, marmalade and jam
2 Two french crackers up your asshole,
Bam! Bam!

Hail, Britannia, marmalade + jam
3 One french cracker up your asshole
Bam!

to

There's a rule to this
song. BUT I'll let you pay to
find out!

4 Hail, Britannia, marmalade and jam
No french crackers up your asshole
" ! " (silence)

TITLE UNKNOWN

Penile

LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE
DARK AND DREARY AS A TOMB
FATHER HAS A PENAL STRICTURE
MOTHER HAS A FALLEN ~~WOMB~~ TOMB

SISTER SUE HAS BEEN ABORTED
FOR THE FORTY SECOND TIME
BROTHER BILL HAS BEEN DEPORTED
FOR A HOMOSEXUAL CRIME.

ALL AROUND IS CONSTERNATION
AND A LOT OF DREARY SMILES
AS MY FAVORITE OCCUPATION
IS CRACKING ICE FOR GRAMMAS PILES.

TUNE: WHAT A FRIEND WE
HAVE IN JESUS.

From RCAF CAPT MIKE KRALL

1968

Whispering Death

Slipping swiftly thru the dark of night,
Thru storm or blinding snow
A whisper, then a roar
Then the fears of Hell you'll know
With our wings swept back, we ride the wind
Our vengeance just begun
Heed our warning you who tempt the wrath
Of the Foxtrot One-One-One

Whispering Death, and Freedom's the quest
The quest of the Foxtrot One-One-One

Hear me you who put asunder
All the dreams and hopes of men
Listen closely in the darkness
for the message we will send
'tween the whisper of our coming
and the roar of the bomb
Know that you have earned the wrath
Of the Foxtrot One-One-One

Whispering Death, and Freedom's the quest
The quest of the Foxtrot One-One-One

There are those of us who gave their all
And more may do the same
We do not search for glory
And we never may know fame
Crusaders in a steed of steel
Our task is never done
Hearts filled with pride, we're proud to ride
The Foxtrot One-One-One

Whispering death, and Freedom's the quest
The quest of the Foxtrot One-One-One

W. Wilson
CAPT. WILSON BRILEY
523TFS, CANNON AFB, N.M.

Rundell

Will Jun 74

Song Book

RICHARD BARRETT

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89030

1699D Borneo Ct
Cannon AFB, NM
88101

~~Middleton~~

~~18FEW~~

~~PSC Box 11077~~

~~APO 96367~~

THE BALLAD OF THE 'VARK

John Piowaty
one for the 'cause
Hon.

The orders from headquarters meant my fighter days were through,
They said report to Nellis to: Commander 442
To learn to fly the Aardvark, there was nothing I could do,
I ain't a fighter pilot no more.

Glory, glory what a helluva way to fly,
Flogging that swing-wing bomber through the fighter pilot's sky
I'll button my top button, sir, and never question why,
I ain't a fighter pilot no more.

Oh, the F one eleven is a MacNamara scheme,
It's everything to everyone, a politician's dream,
But if they ground it one more time, I think that I will scream,
I ain't a fighter pilot no more.

Glory, glory what a helluva way to fly,
The Navy and the British, both decided not to buy,
But it never entered our dumb heads to ask the bastards why,
I ain't a fighter pilot no more.

They sent us off to FTD, the sergeants were in charge,
They fed us enough worthless crap to sink a friggin barge,
They should stuff their stupid tinker toys in the general's garage,
I ain't a fighter pilot no more.

Glory, glory what a helluva way to fly,
I read so many goddamned books, I thought that I would die,
You can keep your academics, sir, my classroom is the sky,
I ain't a fighter pilot no more.

Though academics bored us, the simulator's worse
That box is made for idiots and nothing in it works,
I think the damned thing was designed to check out drugstore clerks,
I ain't a fighter pilot no more.

Glory, glory what a helluva way to go,
So many things to study and so many things to know,
But will someone please explain, what is a W S O?
I ain't a fighter pilot no more.

I never thought I'd see the day I'd welcome company,
But there are so many swiftnes, that I think I must agree,
That he can have them all if he'll just leave the pole for me,
I ain't a fighter pilot no more.

Glory, glory fighter gator,
Though the fighter jocks will think that I'm a traitor,
In the Aardvark, you're a super aviator
But you ain't a fighter pilot, (and don't you forget it, Buster!)

After five long weeks the day arrived they finally let me fly
I leaped into my Aardvark, and I grabbed a piece of sky,
And I'll say this that from now on I'll make no alibi,
I'll be a fighter pilot ever more.

Glory, glory oh the Aardvark is the thing,
It's systems are fantastic and I love that swinging wing,
And if you don't like my switchblade, you're a flippin ding-a-ling
I'll be a fighter pilot ever more.

~~They were one stinking sortie, then they grounded the Aardvark wing
Because the chutes were faulty, but that ain't no big thing,
The Sabres are back in the air.~~

Glory, glory oh we mustn't be too
But inspectors who tried to have us were found stalling

~~Because of cure like K...
They are back in the air.~~

Ron Barker
Fighting Fifty Fifth

Col. now at Ft. Leavenworth
was Co of 429th at Korat in '74

They don't like the life at Danang by the sea
They don't like to fly alone against VC
So we'll give them all a treat
We will add another seat
And will send the airplanes back to ATC

But ole ATC will have to wait awhile
For Headquarters cut new orders with a smile
Now they'll not be going home
Back to Bien Hoa they will roam
For their TDY is going out of style.

WHIFFENPOOF

From a hootch in Southeast Asia
To the place where aces dwell
To the bars in old Korat
We know so well

See the fighter jocks assemble
With their glasses raised on high
In a toast to a comrade who just fell

We will throw our glasses wildly
And throw our bombs as well
Til the finks at 7th Air Force go to hell

We are poor fighter jocks who
Have lost our way, help, help, help
We flew to the town of Hanoi
Today, help, help, help

Steely eyed pilots up in the blue
Lead got zapped by an SA-2
Let's hawl ass or he'll get us too
AB now!

VIRGIN STURGEON (18)

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon
Virgin Sturgeon is a very fine fish
Virgin Sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar is my dish.

Shad Roe comes from a scarlet shad fish
Shad fish have a very sad fate
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish
Got that way without a mate.

Oysters they are fishy bivalves
They have youngsters in their shell
How they diddle is a riddle
But they do, so what the hell.

The green sea turtle's mate is happy
With her lovers winning way
First he grips her with his flipper
Then he flips the grips for days.

I fed caviar to my girl friend
She was a virgin tried and true
Now that virgin needs no urgin'
There ain't nothin' she won't do.

I fed caviar to my grandpa
He was a man of ninety three
Screams and shrieks were heard from grandma
He had chased her up a tree.

I fed caviar to my grandma
She soon came down out of that tree
Now my grandma and my grandpa
Start to raise a family.

I fed some caviar to my rooster
I fed some caviar to my cow
Now the barnyard sure looks funny
All the cows have feathers now.

4Y

COMING AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Oh they call them Skoshi Tiger when they come
And they come in freedom fighters when they come
If an F-5 flies on Sunday
They must change the engines Monday
But they'll all get airborne someday when they come

Oh they all will bring a camera if they come
And they'll be on cinerama if they come
And we all have a suspicion
They may use real ammunition
Making color war time movies with their gun.

Oh their planes go supersonic when they go
They're transistor - electronic if they go
The F-5's sophisticated
and it's also over rated
For it will not fly in slush or sleet or snow

By themselves the GE engines will not start
The F-5 can't go without a power cart
When it goes, it goes, I think
Far as any kitchen sink
Though it may go farther if the crews will fart

Oh their bomb load may consist of only four
But their teenie weenie wing will hold no more
If they had a bigger wing
On that silly fucking thing
They could find a better use for that old whore

Oh they lumber down the runway when they roll
And the pilot feeds it just a little coal
If they took off from the grass
They would surely bust their ass
MacNamer's paper tiger's in a hole

But we're glad to have the F-5 here at war
Though the pilots may be rotten to the core
They may drink and they may swear
They'll be here aborting aircraft by the score

Now we call them Skoshi Pussy when they fly
For they can't quite get their ass up in the sky
They may huff and puff their back up
If they ever have a crack up
There'll be bloody Skoshi Pussy where they lie

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB?

347
We're the boys from the 388th you've heard so much about
Mothers lock their daughters in whenever we go out
We're always full of whisky, we're always full of booze
We're the boys from the 388th, now who the hell are youse?

347
As we go marching and the band begins to P-L-A-Y
You can hear the people shoutin'
The raggy ass, the raggy ass, 388th is on parade.

CHORUS:

Who owns this club, oo wah wah
Who owns this club, oo wah wah
Who owns this club the people cry
We own this club oo wah wah
We own this club oo wah wah

And we'll own it till the day we die

(repeat chorus)

And we'll own it til the day it's drv.

(repeat chorus)

388th Fighter Bombers od or die.

HI ZIGGIE ZIGGIE

ANNOUARK
Hi ziggie ziggie twin engine piggy, fuck him

The ~~F-4~~ is a fat whore, needs a bomb door, bull shit, rat fink
Two engines to go - to see Uncle Ho

And a tanker to feed her whn dry, suck, suck, suck,

Bomb a little little, just a little bit, MIG CAP

You can never fool the 388th with that crap, fuck you

As your AB's unwind

To save your behind

Your asshole is gobbling the seat, chomp, chomp, chomp

Hey miggie miggie, I'm a little piggie, ~~F-4~~ ANNOUARK

With your belly up, you're a sitting duck, I missed, oh shit

It's back thru the flak, my thumb up my crack

And a seat that is covered with shit, shit, shit

See the missiles come, you're a fuckin' bum, Sam site

We don't want to fight, hope the burners light, knock, knock, rat shit

We ain't dropped a bomb on North Vietnam

We're going home empty tonight, dump, dump, dump

Hi ziggie ziggie, you're a little piggie, hot shit

When you try to drink, you're a dirty fink, crump out, barf, barf

You can't hold a light, to Thunderbol Drivers tonight

We'll drag your ass home to the sty, oink, oink, oink

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW 16
(March of the Toy Soldiers)

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro
Can you tie them in a knot, can you tie them in a bow
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a European soldier
Do your balls hang low

In days of old when knights were bold
They s'it right in their britches
They wiped their ass with broken glass
Those tough old sons of bitches.

In days of old when knights were bold
And women wore mere trifles
They hung their balls upon the walls
And shot them down with rifles.

In days of old when knights were bold
And women weren't particular
They binded them up against the wall
And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when knights were bold
They wore all leather britches
They beat their pricks with hickory sticks
And yelled like sons of bitches.

PUFF 17

Puff the tragic wagon
Came across the sea
Conceited turds in gooney birds
They came to kill VC

The VC shook in terror
Whene're they appeared
The mini ones with mini guns
A sticking out their rear

Puff the tragic wagon
At Danang by the sea
Though Rinkelman in number one
His waist is 63

The FC-47
Flies all afternoon
Half a day of boredom in
a silly fucking goon.

Oh, the Duchess, she was dressing
Dressing for the ball
When out the window
She did spy him
Pissing on the wall

With his lilly-white kidney wiper
And balls the size of these (Cupped hands show size of balls)
And half a yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knees
Oh, hanging down
Oh, hanging down
With a half yard of foreskin
Hanging down below his knees

So, she sent to him a letter
And in it she did say
I'd rather be fucked by you
Than by my husband any day

With your lilly-white, etc.
(Show balls getting bigger and foreskin longer)

So he mounted on his charger
And through the streets did ride
With his balls slung O'er his shoulder
And his cock lashed to his side

With his lilly-white, etc.

Oh, he rode into the courtyard
He rode into the hall
"My God!" cried the Butler
"He's come to fuck us all!"

With his lilly-white, etc.

Oh, he fucked the cook in the kitchen
He fucked the maid in the hall
But when he fucked that butler
'Twas the dirtiest trick of all

With his lilly-white, etc.

Then he mounted on his charger
And rode into the streets
With little drops of semen
Pitter-pattering at his feet
Continued-

With his lilly-white, etc.

Oh, they say he's gone to hades
They say he's down in hell
They say he fucks the devil
And I know he fucks him well

THE SCOTCH WEDDING 13

Oh, the king was in the counting house,
A-counting out his wealth.
The queen was in the bedroom
A-playing with herself.

CHORUS: Singing I did it last night;
I did it now;
The man that had you last night
Cannot have you now!

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom
Explaining to the groom
The vagina, Not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

CHORUS:

Oh, the parson's wife, Oh, she was there
Seated down in front.
A wreath of roses 'round her neck,
And a carrot up her cunt.

CHORUS:

Oh, the parson's daughter, Oh, she was there
She had them all in fits,
Diving from the mantle piece
And landing on her tits.

CHORUS:

Oh, the village idiot, he was there,
A-seated by the fire
Amusing himself by abusin' himself
With an India rubber tire.

CHORUS:

There was fucking in the hayloft,
Fucking in the ricks,
You could not hear the music
For the slushing of the pricks.

CHORUS:

Oh, the village blacksmith, he was there,
His hammer and his awls,
Talking to the countess
And showing off his balls.

Secret Wedding (cont)

CHORUS:

Oh, the village parson he was there,
And very surprised to see
Four and Twenty maiden heads,
A-hanging from a tree.

CHORUS:

There was fucking in the hallways,
Fucking on the stairs,
You couldn't see the carpet
For the cum and curly hairs.

CHORUS:

There was fucking in the barley
Fucking in the oats.
Some were fucking sheep
And some were fucking goats.

CHORUS:

Singing balls to your partner,
Your ass against the wall;
If you don't get laid on Saturday night,
You'll never get laid at all

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

A pilot told me before he died
And I don't the bastard lied
That he had a girl with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied

So he fashioned up a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls and a prick of steel
The two brass balls were filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
Until at last that maiden cried
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied

Now we come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it
She was split from her ass to her tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY

Sally in the alley siftin cinders
Raised her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers, blew six winders
Cheeks of her ass went:
BAM, BAM, BAM!!!!



44
14 Jan 85

Chumel

Can you get these to the
right place? They're all about
a program called Rapid Roger (1967)
which was a DoD idea to
use aircraft for round-the-
clock operations. To do so
we had to limit the flight time
of each sortie and that meant
flying in Laos and we got no
credit for that - so it was an
unpopular program. Turned
(8)

These were the songs we used
when we celebrated the end
of the Rapid Roger program.
We built a casket - filled it
with Rapid Roger computer cards,
had a wake, and a torch lit
troll to the flightline where we
buried RR. ~~and~~ Robin Olds
drove a silver ~~stake~~ spike
thru the heart of the casket
before we covered it up.
We had a great time!

T



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
LEADERSHIP AND MANAGEMENT DEVELOPMENT CENTER (AU)
MAXWELL AIR FORCE BASE, AL 36112

18 January 1985

Mr. Robert D. Nelson
Vice President and Director of Marketing
National Bank of Fort Sam Houston
1422 East Grayson, Box 8000
San Antonio TX 78286

Dear Bob

I have enclosed a 14 January note from Lt General Spangrud, together with three Songs from the SEA era. Please forward them to Bill Getz for possible use in Volume 2.

Looking forward to seeing you one of these days.

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Chuck", is written over the typed name.

C. L. MARTIN, JR., Colonel, USAF
Commandant, Professional Military
Comptroller School

1 Atch
AF/AC Ltr, 14 Jan 85 w/3 atch

*Great seeing you this AM. Hope
Bill will find them worthwhile*

GOTTA TRAVEL ON
(Tune of Gotta Travel On)
by
Maj Truman Spangrud - 433rd

CHORUS: HE'S LAID AROUND AND PLAYED AROUND
THIS OLD BASE TOO LONG
COUNTER'S ARE ALMOST GONE, FREE-BEE'S COMIN' ON
HE'S LAID AROUND AND PLAYED AROUND
THIS OLD BASE TOO LONG
AND HE DAMN WELL OUGHT TO TRAVEL ON

THE SECRETARY TOLD THE COLONEL
THAT ROGER NEEDED A HOME
HOW ABOUT OLD UBON?
COM' ON YOU'RE PUTTING ME ON
THE SECRETARY TOLD THE COLONEL
THAT HE'S COMIN' TO UBON
REGARDLESS OF THE WAR THAT'S GOING ON

IF WE COULD WIN THE WAR WITH NUMBERS
OLD ROGER WOULD MEAN A LOT
THAT'S NOT ANY ROT
OLD ROGER WOULD MEAN A LOT
IF WE COULD WIN THE WAR WITH NUMBERS
OLD ROGER WOULD MEAN A LOT
BUT SO FAR HE'S MINIMUM SHIT -HOT!

FOR AWHILE WE THOUGHT THAT ROGER
HAD FOUND A PERMANENT HOME
NEVER MORE TO ROAM
HE'D FOUND A PERMANENT HOME
BUT NOW HE'S MET HIS MAKER
AND WE'LL MISS HIM NOT A BIT
'CAUSE SO FAR HE'S MAXIMUM DOG-SHIT!

OLDS AND THE EIGHTH WOLF PACK

(Tune of Rum and Coke)

by

Maj Tom McGuire

Col Chappie James

SINGING: OLDS AND THE EIGHTH WOLF PACK
KILLED NINE AND ALL CAME BACK
FIGHTING AND DRINKING IN S-E-A
WE'VE JUST BEGUN TO HAVE OUR DAY!

NOW WE HAVE THREE SQUADRONS AND THAT'S JUST RIGHT
THE ENEMIES COVERED BOTH DAY AND NIGHT
WE'RE FLYING A CRAFT CALLED THE F-4C
WE'RE HEADED NORTH YOU WAIT AND SEE

WE HAD TWO DAYS THUS FAR THIS YEAR
WHERE EIGHTEEN GUYS WERE BUYING BEER
THEY DOWNED NINE MIGS WITH JUST A FEW
THE TWENTY-ONE FORCE WE CUT IN TWO

CHORUS:

OUR JOB RIGHT NOW IS A LITTLE SLOW
WEATHER HAS HELD US TO TALLEY-HO
RAPID ROGER IS ABOUT TO DIE
SOON THE EIGHTH WOLF PACK WILL OWN THE SKY

SQUADRON BY SQUADRON, PLANE BY PLANE
MAN BY MAN, WE'LL MAKE OUR CLAIM
IN PACKAGE THREE, FOUR, FIVE, AND SIX
GIVE US A WORD BY FRAG OR TWIX

CHORUS:

NOW THE TRIPLE NICKEL IS A LITTLE AHEAD
BUT OLE JESS ALLEN AIN'T GOIN' TO BED
HE'S PACING THE FLOOR, HE'S A CONSTANT NAG
HE'S STANDING ROUND OPS, WAITING FOR A FRAG

THE FOUR THIRTY-THIRD IS SWINGING IN GEAR
SAVIDGE'S PEAKIN' EM AND FEEDING EM BEER
THEY GOT FOUR MIGS AND A TASTE OF FAME
YOU CAN BET YOUR ASS, IT'S NOT THE END OF THE GAME

THE FOUR NINE SEVEN IS DOING JUST RIGHT
CUSSING RAPID ROGER AND FLYING ALL NIGHT
HALLIWELL'S TELLING THEM TO TOE THE MARK
BUT ALL THEY SEEM TO GET IS A TRIP TO CLARK

CHORUS:

ON THE DAY THAT RAPID ROGER DIED
(Tune of Paddy Murphy)
by
Col George Halliwell
497th CC
Col Bill Savidge
433rd CC

ON THE DAY THAT RAPID ROGER DIED
THE EIGHTH WING HAD A RIOT
THE FOUR NINE SEVEN MADE THE GRAVE
THE FOUR THREE THREE THE CASKET
THE FIVE FIVE FIVE THE EPITAPH
AND COLONEL OLDS APPROVED IT
ON THE DAY THAT ROGER DIED

CHORUS: THAT'S HOW WE SAID GOODBYE TO RAPID ROGER
THAT'S HOW WE SHOWED OUR COURAGE AND OUR PRIDE
THAT'S HOW WE SAID GOODBYE TO RAPID ROGER
ON THE NIGHT THAT ROGER DIED

THE NIGHT THAT RAPID ROGER DIED
I NEVER SHALL FORGET
THE SQUADRONS GOT SO FRIGGIN DRUNK
THAT SOME AIN'T SOBER YET
THE ONLY THING THEY DID THAT NIGHT
THAT FILLED MY HEART WITH FEAR
THE CREW CHIEFS TOOK THE DATA FORMS
AND THREW THEM ON THE BIER

THE WAKE WAS SO ENJOYABLE
YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT
WE DANCED A JIG
AND HAD A MUG
OF CHEER FOR RAPID ROGER
WE WERE ALL DRUNK WITH HAPPINESS
YOU BETTER HAD BELIEVE IT
ON THE DAY THAT BASTARD DIED

NOW THAT HE'S GONE
THE EIGHTH WILL PRESS
TO FLY A LOT OF SORTIES
TO DOWN MORE MIGS
AND DODGE THE SAMS
AND WRITE SOME BRILLIANT STORIES
NOW WE CAN DO MUCH BETTER THAN WE'VE EVER DONE BEFORE
NOW THAT DEAR OLD ROGER'S GONE

RECEIVED OCT 1 5 1984

The Redwood Press

division of Syntax Associates

SHOULD WE PUBLISH VOLUME II - STAG BAR EDITION?

Your opinion is needed. *THE REDWOOD PRESS* may publish a collection of over 150 bawdy and profane songs from Air Force songbooks -- but only if there is an interest. These are definitely "X"-rated, but very much a part of Air Force songlore. Would you please take a minute to complete the brief questionnaire below. If you do, you will be **guaranteed** a copy of this very limited first edition if you want it, and if it is published. **No obligation now or later.** And you will be entitled to a **10%** discount on your copy of Volume II.

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☒ **YES**, you should publish Volume II - Stag Bar Edition of **THE WILD BLUE YONDER: Songs of the Air Force**. Let me know if you decide to publish Volume II.

☐ **NO**, I don't believe it is a good idea to publish Volume II.

COMMENTS ABOUT VOLUMES I OR II:

BILL, I HEARD THIS LITTLE DITTY AT TUCSON IN JULY, 1944 WHEN I WAS AT MARANA. W.F.T.C. WAS CLOSING THE RYAN SCHOOL SOUTH OF TUCSON. NO KNOWN "AUTHOR".

*OUT AMONG THE SAND AND CACTUS
FAR AWAY FROM HOME
STANDS OUR DEAR OLD ALMA MATER
RYAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS.*

JOHN R. COOLEY

Your Name

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20 June 85

Russ SHAW
62 Lynne Ln
Phunedale, CA 93907
(408) 663-0298

4Z

C.W. -

You may have forty versions of this perversion of the Whiffenpoofers song. Our raunchy raucous voices used to rattle the beer stoupe rafters between missions. We were stationed at Weisbaden where Herm Gering's Yellow Nosed fighter Jocks spent WW#2 until they ran out of gas.

I didn't join the festivities until January 1949 and was permitted to linger until August with 113 jaunts to Berlin behind me. Some rumor had it a bunch of over-imbided pilots concocted this rendition over a collection of empty beer bottles in the O Club one night in late 1948.

My present activities are centered in the search for WW#2 or earlier Army enlisted pilots. We've addresses on 1100 so far. That includes some enlisted men rated from 1918 to 1933, the RCAF trained US Sgt Pilots that flew with the RAF 1939-1942, plus the main bunch, ex AAF S/Sgt of 1942.

Do you know the whereabouts of any of this odd group? Ten are retired generals. I work out hit list of missing ones against stolen phone books.

Incidentally a bastard version of this endearing belled was used by my old 17th Air Transport Squadron at Charleston AFB back in 1958. They had a skit at the club one night while I was boring holes to Ascension Island, Thule, or some other exotic spot.

Russ
L/Cd USAF-Ret

THE AIRLIFT SONG
(Add your own punctuation)

FROM THE AIRLIFT TASK FORCE BASES
TO THE PLACE WHERE LUCIUS DWELLS
TO THAT DEAR OLD TEMPLEHOF WE KNOW SO WELL
HAVE THE VITTLERS ALL ASSEMBLED
WITH THEIR CARGO RAISED ON HIGH
AND THE MAGIC OF THEIR TONNAGE CASTS A SPELL.

YES, THE MAGIC OF THEIR TONNAGE
THROUGH THE WEATHER KNOWN SO WELL
IT'S TWO HUNDRED AND A QUARTER OF A MILE
WE WILL MAKE A PASS AT BERLIN
THROUGH FOG AS THICK AS HELL
HOPING GCA WILL BRING US DOWN IN STYLE

Ch WE ARE POOR LITTLE PILOTS
WHO HAVE LOST OUR WAY
BAH BAH BAH
WE ARE HOMEWARD BOUND
AND WE'VE ~~LOST OUR WAY~~ gone ASTRAY
BAH BAH BAH

High Ch

CORRIDOR JOCKIES OFF ON A SPREE
BEACON TO BEACON REPEATEDLY
GUNPOST GUIDES US WE CANNOT SEE
I.F.R.

REPEAT

DARMSTAT, FRITZLAR, STADEN, TOO
THROUGH RUSSIANS, NAVY, OR ~~WHO~~ KNOWS WHO
GENERAL TURNER'S CREWS ~~CAME~~ THROUGH
T.D.Y.

General Lucius Clay's hqtrs were in Berlin then.
Gunpost was our enroute ~~Adet~~ guide.

Darmstat, Fritz, & Staden were radio beacons at the edges
of the ZONE on the Corridors. Hell, maybe you were
there, yourself.

D

HEAR ONE FOR YOU

9TH GROUP 93RD SQUADRON MINDANAO P.I 42

THER A PILOT IN THE CABIN
AND A BOMBER IN THE NOSE
A TAIL FULL OF GUNNERS
AND OFF SHE GOES
TO SOME FAR OFF PLACE
OF WHICH WEVE NEVER HEARD
BUT WE DONT GIV A DAMN
IN THE GYPSY NINETY THIRD

TO THE TUNE OF TORKEY IN THE STRAW

914



Matthew J. Johnson
St. Christophers
Garrison NY 10524

Matthew J. Johnson
St. Christophers Inn
Garrison N.Y. 10524

Hi Bill

While checking through my back issues
of Air Force Magazine I came across
your inquiry in the airmail column on
Air Force Singer. I'm interested in purchasing
your book The Wild Blue Yonder. If
you would please send me the price of
said book and shipping charge I will
send you a check for same

Sincerely
Matthew J. Johnson
Lypay Ninety Three